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POCKET HYMN BOOK,

FOR THE USE OF

CHRISTIANS

OF ALL

DENOMINATIONS.

J. Wesley.

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The PREFACE.

1. A Few years ago I was desired by many of our Preachers, to prepare and publish a small Pocket Hymn-Book, to be used in common in our Societies. This I promised to do, as soon as I had finished some other business, which was then on my hands. But before I could do this, a Bookseller stepped in, and without my consent or knowledge, extracted such an Hymn-Book, chiefly from our Works, and spread several Editions of it throughout the kingdom.

2. Two years ago I published a Pocket Hymn-Book, according to my promise. But most of our people were supplied already with the other Hymns. And these are largely circulated still. To cut off all pretence from the Methodists, for buying them, our Brethren

in the late Conference at *Briſtol* adviſed me, to print the ſame Hymn-Book which had been printed at *York*. This I have done in the preſent volume; only with this difference:

3. Firſt, Out of thoſe two hundred and thirty-two Hymns, I have omitted ſeven and thirty. Theſe I did not dare to palm upon the world; becauſe fourteen of them appeared to me very flat and dull: fourteen more, mere proſe, tagged with rhyme: and nine more to be grievous doggerel. But a friend tells me, "Some of theſe, eſpecially thoſe two that are doggerel double diſtilled, namely, "The deſpiſed Nazarene," and that which begins, "A Chriſt I have, O what a Chriſt have I," are hugely admired, and continually echoed from *Berwick-upon-Tweed* to *London*." If they are, I am ſorry for it: it will bring a deep reproach on the judgment of the Methodiſts. But I dare not increaſe that reproach, by countenancing in any degree ſuch an inſult both on Religion and Common Senſe. And I earneſtly intreat all our Preachers, not only never to give them out, but to diſcountenance them by all prudent means, both in public and private.

4. Secondly, I have added a conſiderable number of the beſt Hymns, which we have ever publiſhed: although I am ſenſible they will not ſuit the taſte of the admirers of Doggerel. But I adviſe them, to keep their own counſel, and not betray their want of judgment.

5. Thirdly,

5. Thirdly, Whereas in the other Hymn-Book the Hymns are ſtrangely thrown out of their places, and all jumbled together, they are here carefully methodized again, and ranged in their proper order.

6. "But did not you in a late Preface, give any one leave to print your Hymns that pleaſed?" No: I never did: I never ſaid, I never intended any ſuch thing: my words are (p. 6.) "Many have—reprinted many of our Hymns. *They* are perfectly welcome ſo to do: provided they print them juſt as they are." "*They* are welcome!" Who? Why Mr. *Madan*, *Berridge*, and thoſe that have done it already, for the uſe of their ſeveral Congregations. But could any one imagine I meant a *Bookſeller?* Or that a Methodiſt *Bookſeller* would undertake it! To take a whole book out of mine? Only adding a few ſhreds out of other books, for form ſake! And could I mean, He was welcome to publiſh this among Methodiſts, juſt at the time when I had engaged to do it myſelf? Does not every one, unleſs he ſhuts his eyes, ſee, that every ſhilling he gains by it, he takes out of my pocket? Yet not ſo properly out of mine, as out of the pockets of the poor Preachers? For I lay up nothing: and I lay out no more upon myſelf than I did forty years ago. (My carriage is no expence to *me*, that expence being borne by a few friends.) But what I receive is for the poor, and eſpecially the poor Preachers.

7. Upon the whole: although there are ſome Hymns in this book, which I ſhould never have printed, but that I was deſired to reprint *the whole book* printed at *York*: yet I am bold to recommend this ſmall Hymn-Book, as the beſt of the ſize that has ever been publiſhed among the Methodiſts. But it is ſtill greatly inferior to the large Hymn-Book: in which I believe the judicious and candid Reader, may find a clear explication of every branch both of Speculative and Practical Divinity.

HIGHBURY PLACE, JOHN WESLEY.
Nov. 15, 1786.

A POCKET HYMN BOOK.

PART I.

CONTAINING INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

SECTION I.

Exhorting and beſeeching to return to God.

HYMN I. [Leeds Tune.

1 O For a thouſand tongues to ſing
My dear Redeemer's praiſe!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Maſter, and my God,
Aſſiſt me to proclaim!
To ſpread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 Jeſus the name that charms our fears,
That bids our ſorrows ceaſe:
'Tis muſic in the ſinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled ſin,
He ſets the priſoner free;
His blood can make the fouleſt clean:
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Hear him, ye deaf: his praiſe, ye dumb,
Your looſen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

6 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be ſav'd through faith alone,
Be juſtified by grace

7 See all your ſins on Jeſus laid;
The Lamb of God was ſlain,
His ſoul was once an offering made
For every ſoul of man.

8 Awake from guilty nature's ſleep,
And Chriſt ſhall give you light;
Caſt all your ſins into the deep,
And waſh th' Æthiop white;

9 With me your chief ye then ſhall know,
Shall feel your ſins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

H Y M N II. [Invitation.

1 COME, ſinners to the goſpel-feaſt;
Let every ſoul be Jeſu's gueſt;
Ye need not one be left behind;
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world: come, ſinner, thou!
All things in Chriſt are ready now.

3 Come all ye ſouls by ſin oppreſt,
Ye reſtleſs wand'rers after reſt;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Chriſt a hearty welcome find.

4 Come, and partake the goſpel-feaſt,
Be ſav'd from ſin; in Jeſus reſt:
O taſte the goodneſs of your God,
And eat his fleſh, and drink his blood.

5 Ye vagrant ſouls on you I call:
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all are freely juſtified;
Ye all may live: for Chriſt hath died.

6 My meſſage as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Chriſt, and live:
O let his love your hearts conſtrain,
Nor ſuffer him to die in vain!

7 His love is mighty to compel:
His conquering love conſent to feel:
Yield to his love's reſiſtleſs power;
And fight againſt your God no more.

8 See him ſet forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding ſacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by grace!

9 This is the time: no more delay!
This is your acceptable day:
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who died for all!

H Y M N III. [Tallis.

1 O All that paſs by, To Jeſus draw near,
He utters a cry: Ye ſinners give ear!
From hell to retrieve you He ſpreads out his hands:
Now, now to receive you He graciouſly ſtands.

2 If any man thirſt, And happy would be,
The vileſt and worſt May come unto me:
May drink of my ſpirit, (Excepted is none,)
Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.

3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jeſus believes, His God and his Lord,
In him a pure river Of life ſhall ariſe,
Shall in the believer's Spring up to the ſkies.

4 My God, and my Lord! thy call I obey;
My ſoul on thy word Of promiſe I ſtay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace;
A thirſt for ſalvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O haſten the hour! Send down from above
The ſpirit of power, Of health, and of love;
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace;
Of wiſdom, of prayer, Of joy, and of praiſe:

6 The ſpirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood,
Which ſaves us from wrath, And brings us to God;
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling ſin,
And opens a fountain, That waſhes us clean.

HYMN IV. [Invitation.

1 HO! every one, that thirſt, draw nigh;
('Tis God invites the fallen race;)
Mercy and free ſalvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and goſpel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See, from the Rock a fountain riſe!
For you in healing ſtreams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burthen'd ſin-ſick ſouls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange ſhall give,
Leave all you have, and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jeſus find.

5 Why ſeek ye that, which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry ſouls ſuſtain?
On aſhes, huſks, and air ye feed
Ye ſpend your little all in vain.

6 In ſearch of empty joys below
Ye toil with unavailing ſtrife:
Whither, ah! whither would you go?
I have the words of endleſs life.

7 Hearken to me with earneſt care,
And freely eat ſubſtantial food;
The ſweetneſs of my mercy ſhare,
And taſte, that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all my goodneſs prove,
My promiſes for all are free:
Come, taſte the manna of my love,
And let your ſoul delight in me.

9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quickened your ſoul by faith divine,
An everlaſting life ſhall live.

HYMN V. [Tallis.

1 THY faithfulneſs, Lord, Each moment we find,
So true to thy word, So loving and kind!
Thy mercy ſo tender To all the loſt race;
The foulеſt offender May turn, and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, To others I ſhew;
I ſet to my ſeal that Jeſus is true:
Ye all may find favour, Who come at his call;
O come to my Saviour; His grace is for all.

8 To ſave what was loſt From heaven He came;
Come, ſinners, and truſt In Jeſus's name!
He offers you pardon, He bids you be free!
If ſin be your burden, O come unto me!

4 O let me commend my Saviour to you:
The publican's Friend And Advocate too:
For you he is pleading His merits and death
With God interceding For ſinners beneath.

5 Then let us ſubmit His grace to receive;
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe;
We all are forgiven For Jeſus's ſake:
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

H Y M N VI. [Foundery.

Why will ye die, O Houſe of Iſrael.—Ezek. xviii. 31.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will you die?
God, your Maker, aſks you why.
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himſelf to live;
He the fatal cauſe demands,
Aſks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankleſs creatures, why
Will ye croſs his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, your Saviour, aſks you why.
God, who did your ſouls retrieve,
Died himſelf, that you might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ranſom'd ſinners, why
Will you ſlight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, the Spirit, aſks you why.
He who all your lives hath ſtrove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.

Will you not the grace receive?
Will you ſtill refuſe to live?
Why, ye long ſought ſinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in ſin,
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant ye after ſecond death?
Will you ſtill in ſin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying ſinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

HYMN VII. [Invitation.

Part the Firſt.

SINNERS, obey the goſpel-word!
Haſte to the ſupper of my Lord:
Be wiſe to know your gracious day!
All things are ready; come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiſs his late returning ſon:
Ready your loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Juſt now the ſtony to remove;
To' apply, and witneſs with the blood,
And waſh, and ſeal the ſons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate:
Tuning their harps they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt
Is ready with their ſhining hoſt:
All heaven is ready to reſound,
"The dead's alive! The loſt is found."

Part the Second.

1 COME then, ye ſinners, to your Lord,
In Chriſt to paradiſe reſtor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of goſpel-grace.

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The ſeeing eye, the feeling ſenſe,
The myſtic joys of penitence:

3 The godly grief, the pleaſing ſmart,
The meltings of a broken heart:
The tears that tell your ſins forgiven:
The ſighs, that waft your ſouls to heaven:

4 The guiltleſs ſhame, the ſweet diſtreſs,
Th' unutterable tenderneſs;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder "Why ſuch love to me!"

5 Th' o'erwhelming power of ſaving grace,
The ſight, that veils the ſeraph's face;
The ſpeechleſs awe that dares not move,
And all the ſilent heaven of love.

SECTION II.

1. *Deſcribing the pleaſantneſs of Religion.*

HYMN VIII. [Brentford.

1 COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround his throne;

Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
Who never knew our God:
But ſervants of the heavenly king
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth ſurveys,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And calms the roaring ſeas;
This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love;
He will ſend down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

3 There we ſhall ſee his face,
And never, never ſin:
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.
Yea, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our ſongs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN IX. [Leeds.

1 MY God, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkeſt ſhades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my ſoul's bright morning ſtar,
And thou my riſing ſun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
If Jeſus ſhews his mercy mine,
And whiſpers I am his.

4 My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way,
To ſee and praiſe my Lord.

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conq'ror through.

HYMN X. [Arne.

1 HAPPY ſoul, that, free from harms,
Reſts within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet ſhall moleſt?
Who ſhall violate his reſt?
Jeſus doth his ſpirit bear,
Jeſus takes his every care:
He who found the wandring ſheep,
Jeſus ſtill delights to keep.

2 O that I might ſo believe,
Stedfaſtly to Jeſus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the deſtroyer nigh!
Free from ſin and ſervile fear,
Have my Jeſus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradiſe of love!

3 Jeſus, ſeek thy wandring ſheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy boſom bear.
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy ſpirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above!
O that I at laſt may ſtand
With the ſheep at thy right-hand;
Take the crown ſo freely given:
Enter in by thee to heaven.

HYMN XI. [Cambridge.

1 HAPPY the man, that finds the grace,
The bleſſing of God's choſen race,
The wiſdom coming from above,
The faith that ſweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond deſcription he,
Who knows, the Saviour died for me,
The gift unſpeakable obtains,
And heavenly underſtanding gains.

3 Wiſdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wiſdom's coſtly merchandize?
Wiſdom to ſilver we prefer,
And gold is droſs, compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praiſe:
Riches of Chriſt on all beſtow'd,
And honour that deſcends from God.

5 To pureſt joys ſhe all invites,
Chaſte, holy, ſpiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wiſdom gains;
Thrice happy who his gueſt retains;
He owns, and ſhall for ever own,
Wiſdom, and Chriſt, and heaven are one.

HYMN XII. [Wednesbury.

HAPPY the ſouls to Jeſus join'd,
And ſav'd by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They ſing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praiſe,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holieſt leads:
From hence our ſpirits riſe:
And he that in thy ſtatutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the ſkies.

HYMN XIII. [Amſterdam.

1 MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who haſt on me beſtow'd
An immortal ſoul, deſign'd
To be the houſe of God;

Come, and now reſide in me,
Never, never to remove,
Make me juſt, and good, like thee,
And full of power, and love!

2 Bid me in thy image riſe,
A ſaint, a creature new:
True, and merciful, and wiſe,
And pure, and happy too.
This thy primitive deſign,
That I ſhould in thee be bleſt:
Should within the arms divine
For ever, ever reſt.

3 Let thy will on me be done;
Fulfil my heart's deſire,
Thee to know, and love alone;
And riſe in raptures higher,
Thee deſcending on a cloud,
When with raviſh'd eyes I ſee:
Then I ſhall be fill'd with God
To all eternity.

HYMN XIV. [Triumph.

1 REJOICE evermore, With angels above,
In Jeſus's power, In Jeſus's love;
With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble haſt been;
Haſt ſav'd us from grief, Haſt ſav'd us from ſin:
The power of thy Spirit Hath ſet our hearts free;
And now we inherit All fulneſs in thee.

3 All fulneſs of peace, All fulneſs of joy,
And ſpiritual bliſs, That never ſhall cloy;
To us it is given In Jeſus to know
A kingdom of heaven, A heavenbelow

4 No longer we join, While ſinners invite,
Nor envy the ſwine Their bruti ſh delight;
Their joy is all ſadneſs, Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madneſs, Their pleaſure is pain!

5 O might they at laſt With ſorrow return
The pleaſures to taſte, For which they were born;
Our Jeſus receiving, Our happineſs prove,
The joy of believing the heaven of love.

HYMN XV. [Wenvo.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too,
And every ſweet a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys, and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN XVI. [Dedication.

1 WEARY ſouls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliſs,
Turn to Jeſus crucified,
Fly to thoſe dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood;
Riſe into the life of God!

2 Find in Chriſt the way of peace,
Peace unſpeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you eaſe,
Life by his expiring groan;
Riſe exalted by his fall,
Find in Chriſt your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the univerſal bliſs
Bliſs for every ſoul deſign'd:
God's original promiſe this,
God's great gift to all mankind;
Bleſt in Chriſt this moment be!
Bleſt to all eternity!

HYMN XVII. [Fetter-Lane.

2. *Deſcribing the Goodneſs of God.*

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the ſhameful tree;
How vaſt the love, that him inclin'd
To bleed, and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature ſhakes,
And earth's ſtrong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in ſunder breaks,
The ſolid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ranſom's paid,
"Receive my ſoul," he cries!
See, where he bows his ſacred head!
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But ſoon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory ſhine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN XVIII. [Eveſham.

1 OF him who did ſalvation bring,
I could for ever think and ſing;
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Aſk but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Aſk, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though ſin and ſorrow wound my ſoul,
Jeſu, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To ſhame our ſins he bluſh'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to ſhew us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God ſuch love could ſhow.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I ſhed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Infatiate to this ſpring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who againſt thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

HYMN XIX. [Irene.

1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine!
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee:
Help me, Lord, to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this:
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

3 Thy pow'r I pant to prove
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

4 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compass thee;
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immerst and lost in love!

HYMN XX. [Welch.

1 O Love divine! what hast thou done?
Th' immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree
Th' immortal God for me hath died,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that paſs by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, ſee, ye worms, your Maker die,
And ſay, was ever grief like his!
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified:

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jeſu's blood:
Pardon for all flows from his ſide;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us ſit beneath his croſs,
And gladly catch the healing ſtream:
All things for him account but loſs,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think, or ſpeak beſide
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

HYMN XXI. [Paſſion.

1 O God of all grace,
Thy goodneſs we praiſe,
Thy Son thou haſt given to die in our place:
With joy we approve
The deſign of thy love,
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

2 Tongue cannot explain
The love of God-Man,
Which the angels deſire to look into in vain:
It dazzles our eyes,
Thought cannot ariſe,
To find out a cauſe why the Infinite dies.

3 Or of pity inclin'd
Him to die for mankind,
The ground of his pity what ſeraph can find!

He came from above
Our curſe to remove,
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, becauſe he would [love.

4 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely,
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why:
But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us ſo well
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

5 He hath ranſom'd our race,
O how ſhall we praiſe,
Or worthily ſing thy unſpeakable grace?
Nothing elſe will we know,
In our journey below,
But ſinging thy grace, to thy paradiſe go.

6 Nay, and when we remove
To the manſions above,
Our heaven ſhall ſtill be to ſing of thy love;
When time is no more,
We ſtill ſhall adore
The ocean of love, without bottom or ſhore.

7 Ere long we ſhall fly
To the regions on high,
For Iſrael's ſtrength cannot vary or lie;
He ſoon ſhall appear,
He more than draws near,
Our Jeſus is come, and eternity's here.

HYMN XXII. [Miſs Edwin's.

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me,
The Saviour of mankind;

To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 Jeſus, tranſporting ſound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found;
No other name is given,
By which we can ſalvation have,
But Jeſus came the world to ſave.

3 Jeſus, harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above!
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love!
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heaven to ſee our Jeſu's face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free;
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the ſcorpion ſin,
My poor, expiring ſoul
The balmy ſound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How ſwiftly didſt thou move
To ſave a fallen race;
What ſhall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind haſt done!

7 O for a trumpet-voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him, who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died!

8 To ſerve thy bleſſed will,
Thy dying love to praiſe,
Thy counſel to fulfil,
And miniſter thy grace,
Freely, what I receive, to give,
The life of heaven on earth I live.

HYMN XXIII. [Mitcham.

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy bleſſing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the out-caſts in, and ſave
From ſin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of ſouls, thou know'ſt to prize,
What thou haſt bought ſo dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear!

4 Appear, as when of old confeſt
The ſuffring Son of God;
And let them ſee thee in thy veſt
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The ſtony from their hearts remove,
Thou, who for all haſt died;
Shew them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy ſide.

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree
To trample down their ſin;
Thy hands they all ſtretch'd out may ſee
To take thy murd'rers in.

7 Thy ſide an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living ſtreams of bliſs,
And waſh them white as ſnow.

8 Ready thou art the blood to' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to ſinners cry
"I ſuffer'd this for you!"

HYMN XXIV. [St. Paul's.

1 LOVERS of pleaſure more than God,
For you he ſuffer'd pain,
Swearers, for you he ſpilt his blood;
And ſhall he bleed in vain?

2 Miſers, his life for you he paid,
Your baſeſt crime he bore:
Drunkards, your ſins on him were laid,
That you might ſin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jeſu's name,
And all your ſin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him that died for thee!
And ſure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy ſoul is free,
And thou art juſtified.

HYMN XXV. [Paſſion.

1 AH tell me no more
Of this world's vain ſtore,
The time for ſuch trifles with me now is o'er;

A country I've found,
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd in that happy ground.

2 The ſouls that believe,
In paradiſe live,
And me in that number will Jeſus receive:
My ſoul don't delay,
He calls thee away,
Riſe, follow thy Saviour, and bleſs the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can beſtow,
What light, ſtrength, and comfort, go after him go:
Lo onward I move,
To a country above,
None gueſſes how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4 Great ſpoils I ſhall win,
From death, hell, and ſin,
'Midſt outward afflictions ſhall feel Chriſt within:
And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jeſus hath lov'd me I cannot tell why.

HYMN XXVI. [Leeds.

1 JESUS, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or ſky:
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear, and fly.

2 Jeſus, the name to ſinners dear,
The name to ſinners given!
It ſcatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jeſus the priſoner's fetters breaks,
And bruiſes Satan's head;
Power into ſtrengthleſs ſouls it ſpeaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taſte and ſee
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love, that compaſs me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 O that my Jeſu's heavenly charms
Might every boſom move!
Fly, ſinners, fly into thoſe arms
Of everlaſting love.

6 His only righteouſneſs I ſhow,
His ſaving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my buſineſs here below
To cry, "behold the Lamb!"

7 Happy, if with my lateſt breath
I may but gaſp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death
"Behold! behold the Lamb!"

3. *Deſcribing Death.*

HYMN XXVII. [Birſtal.

1 O God! our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

3 Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

4 A thouſand ages in thy ſight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch, that ends the night
Before the riſing ſun.

5 The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And loſt in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God! our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard, while life ſhall laſt,
And our perpetual home.

HYMN XXVIII. [Birſtal

1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms we be!

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As days and months increaſe;
And every beating pulſe, we tell,
Leaves but the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick through all the ground
To puſh us to the tomb,
And fierce diſeaſes wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God, on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings!

6 Infinite joy or endleſs woe
Depends on every breath!
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our ſouls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God?

HYMN XXIX. [Fetter-Lane.

1 WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how ſhall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought!
My ſoul with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought!

3 When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd,
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
O how ſhall I appear?

4 O may my broken contrite heart
Timely my ſins lament,
And early with repentant tears
Eternal woe prevent.

5 Behold the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

6 For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to ſecure,
Who knows thy only Son hath died
To make that pardon ſure.

H Y M N XXX. [Lamp's.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And muſt my trembling ſpirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepeſt ſhade,
Unpierc'd by human thought!
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happineſs or woe
Muſt then my portion be!
Waked by the trumpet's ſound,
I from my grave ſhall riſe,
And ſee the Judge with glory crown'd,
And ſee the flaming ſkies!

3 How ſhall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom?
A curſe, or bleſſing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my ſoul away
To meet its ſentence there?

4 Who can reſolve the doubt,
That tears my anxious breaſt?
Shall I be with the damn'd caſt out?
Or number'd with the bleſt?

I muſt from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell,
Muſt come at his command to heaven,
Or elſe depart to hell.

5 O thou, that wouldſt not have
One wretched ſinner die,
Who diedſt thyſelf my ſoul to ſave
From endleſs miſery!
Shew me the way to ſhun
Thy dreadful wrath ſevere,
That when thou comeſt on the throne,
I may with joy appear!

6 Thou art thyſelf the way,
Thyſelf in me reveal;
So ſhall I ſpend my life's ſhort day
Obedient to thy will;
So ſhall I love my God,
Becauſe he firſt lov'd me,
And praiſe thee in thy bright abode
To all eternity?

H Y M N XXXI. [Snowsfields.

1 AND am I only born to die?
And muſt I ſuddenly comply
With nature's ſtern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celeſtial joys or helliſh pains
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the houſe of clay!
My ſole concern, my ſingle care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Againſt that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life ſo ſoon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind muſt ſtand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter, which my thoughts employ,
A moment's miſery or joy;
But O! when both ſhall end,
Where ſhall I find my deſtin'd place?
Shall I my everlaſting days
With fiends or angels ſpend.

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may eſcape the death,
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election ſure,
And, when I fail on earth, ſecure
A manſion in the ſkies!

6 Jeſu, vouchſafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happineſs!
Ah, write the pardon on my heart!
And, whenſoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

HYMN XXXII. [New Year's-day.

1 COME, let us anew, Our journey purſue,
Roll round with the year,
And never ſtand ſtill, Till the Maſter appear!
His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream, Our time as a ſtream
Glides ſwiftly away,
And the fugitive moments refuſes to ſtay:

The arrow is flown, The moment is gone:
The millennial year
Ruſhes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day Of his coming may ſay,
I have fought my way through,
I have finiſh'd the work thou didſt give me to do.
O that each from his Lord May receive the glad word
"Well and faithfully done!
"Enter into my joy, and ſit down on my throne."

HYMN XXXIII. [Funeral.

1 AH, lovely appearance of death!
What ſight upon earth is ſo fair?
Not all the gay pageants, that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare:
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corpſe, when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its ſtead.

2 How bleſt is our brother, bereſt
Of all, that could burden his mind;
How eaſy the ſoul, that has left
This wearieſome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whoſe relics with envy I ſee,
No longer in miſery now,
No longer a ſinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With ſickneſs, or ſhaken with pain:
The war in the members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again:
No anger henceforward or ſhame
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

4 This languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breaſt
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the ſeat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

5 The lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep:
The fountains can yield no ſupplies:
Theſe hollows from water are free:
The tears are all wiped from theſe eyes,
And evil they never ſhall ſee.

6 To mourn, and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in a priſon I breathe,
And ſtill for deliverance pine,
And preſs to the iſſues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My ſpirit created anew,
My fleſh be conſign'd to the tomb!

HYMN XXXIV. [Epworth.

1 HAPPY ſoul, thy days are ended;
All thy mourning days below;
Go by angel-guards attended,
To the ſight of Jeſus go.

2 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
Lo! the Saviour ſtands above,
Shews the purchaſe of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy lateſt paſſion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breaſt,
To his uttermoſt ſalvation,
To his everlaſting reſt.

4 For the joy he ſets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain,
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

H Y M N XXXV [Triumph.

1 'TIS finiſh'd, 'tis done!
The ſpirit is fled,
The priſoner is gone,
The chriſtian is dead:
The chriſtian is living
Through Jeſus's love,
And gladly receiving
A kingdom above.

2 All honour and praiſe
Are Jeſus's due:
Supported by grace,
He fought his way through;
Triumphantly glorious,
Through Jeſus's zeal,
And more than victorious
O'er ſin, death, and hell.

3 Then let us record
The conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord
With ſhouting proclaim:
Who truſt in his paſſion,
And follow our Head,
To certain ſalvation
We all ſhall be led.

4 O Jeſus! lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteouſneſs there:
Where dazzled with glory
The Seraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee
In ſilence of praiſe.

5 Come, Lord, and diſplay
Thy ſign in the ſky,
And bear us away
To manſions on high:
The kingdom be given,
The purchaſe divine,
And crown us in heaven
Eternally thine.

HYMN XXXVI. [Thou Shepherd of Iſrael.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loſs is his infinite gain;
A ſoul out of priſon releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With ſongs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his ſpirit above,
Eſcap'd to the manſions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempeſt and wind,
His reſt he hath ſooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind;
Still toſs'd on a ſea of diſtreſs,
Hard toiling to make the bleſt ſhore,
Where all is aſſurance and peace,
And ſorrow and ſin are no more.

3 There all the ſhip's company meet,
Who ſail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With ſhouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is paſt,
The age, that in heaven they ſpend,
For ever and ever ſhall laſt.

H Y M N XXXVII. [Sion.

1 HOSANNAH to Jeſus on high!
Another is enter'd his reſt,
Another is 'ſcaped to the ſky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breaſt:
The ſoul of our ſiſter is gone
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jeſus's throne,
And claſp'd in the arms of his love.

2 What fulneſs of rapture is there,
While Jeſus his glory diſplays,
And purples the heavenly air,
And ſcatters the odours of grace?
He looks—and his ſervants in light
The bleſſing ineffable meet;
He ſmiles—and they faint at the ſight,
And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.

3 How happy the angels that fall
Tranſported at Jeſus's name;
The ſaints whom he ſooneſt ſhall call
To ſhare in the feaſt of the Lamb!
No longer impriſon'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon ſhall fly,
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away—
My merciful God—Is it I?

4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call to my heart;
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

HYMN XXXVIII. [Hamilton's.

1 HAPPY who in Jesus live,
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away:
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,
Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh,
O 'tis bitter to depart,
'Tis better far to die.

2 Yet if so thy will ordain
For our companions' good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load.
When we have our grief fill'd up,
When we all our works have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne.

3 To thy wise and gracious will
We quietly submit,
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet:
When thou wilt the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see,
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die to thee.

HYMN XXXIX. [Wednesbury.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint, and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-fought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
On the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus brought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see;
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

HYMN XL. [Olney.

4. *Describing Judgment.*

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down;
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come,
"Arise, and meet him in the sky,
"And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

HYMN XLI. [Epworth.

1 LO! he comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand, thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Meſſiah ſee.

3 The dear tokens of his paſſion,
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cauſe of endleſs exultation
To his ranſom'd worſhippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on thoſe glorious ſcars.

4 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlaſting God come down.

HYMN XLII. [Judgment.

1 HE comes! He comes! the Judge ſevere
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near;
His lightnings fleſh, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful ſoul!

2 From heaven angelic voices ſound,
See the almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face!

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the moſt high,
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

H Y M N XLIII. [Wood's.

1 THOU God of glorious majeſty,
To thee, againſt myſelf to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endleſs bliſs or pain,
A ſinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded ſeas I ſtand,
Secure, inſenſible;
A point of time, a moment's ſpace
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or ſhuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmoſt ſoul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impreſs;
Give me to feel their ſolemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteouſneſs.

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds ſhalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, ſhall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great buſineſs here,
With ſerious induſtry and fear
Eternal bliſs to' inſure;
Thine utmoſt counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my ſoul receive,
Tranſported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
And hope in full, ſupreme delight
And everlaſting love.

HYMN XLIV. [Kingswood.

1 STAND th' omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to ſee,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth diſſolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the juſt,
Let thoſe pondrous orbs deſcend,
And grind us into duſt.

2 Reſts ſecure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck
Sure to' emerge, and riſe again,
And mount above the wreck,
Lo! the heavenly ſpirit towers,
Like flames, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the juſt to loſe
By worlds on worlds deſtroy'd,
Far beneath his feet he views
With ſmiles the flaming void;

Sees this univerſe renew'd,
The grand millennial year begun;
Shouts with all the ſons of God,
Around th' eternal throne!

4 Reſting in this glorious hope
To be at laſt reſtored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague or ſword,
Liſt'ning for the call divine,
The lateſt trumpet of the ſeven;
Soon our ſoul and duſt ſhall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

HYMN XLV. [Weſt-Street.

5. *Deſcribing Heaven.*

1 HOW weak the thoughts and vain
Of ſelf-deluding men!
Men, who fix'd to earth alone,
Think their houſes ſhall endure
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their diſtant heirs ſecure!

2 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee!
What can our foundation ſhock?
Though the ſhatter'd earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the Rock of heavenly love.

3 A houſe we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown:
In the gen'ral ruin ſure,
Storms and earthquakes it deſies;
Built immoveably ſecure,
Built eternal in the ſkies.

4 High on Immanuel's land,
We ſee the fabric ſtand,
From a tott'ring world remove
To our ſtedfaſt manſion there:
Our inheritance above
Cannot paſs from heir to heir.

5 Thoſe amaranthine bowers,
Unalienably ours,
Bloom, our infinite reward;
Riſe, our permanent abode;
From the founded world prepared,
Purchas'd by the blood of God.

6 O might we quickly find
The place for us deſign'd;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here!
Let the ſhadows flee away!
Let the new made world appear!

7 High on thy great white throne,
O king of ſaints come down!
In the new Jeruſalem
Now triumphantly deſcend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun, which ne'er ſhall end.

HYMN XLVI. [Funeral.

1 I Long to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty diſplayed,
His beauty of holieſt love:
I languiſh, and ſigh to be there,
Where Jeſus hath fixt his abode:
O when ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God

2 With him I on Sion ſhall ſtand,
(For Jeſus hath ſpoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But, when on thy boſom reclined,
Thy face I am ſtrengthen'd to ſee,
My fulneſs of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people, that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No ſickneſs or ſorrow ſhall prove:
Phyſician of ſouls, unto me
Forgiveneſs and holineſs give;
And then from the body ſet free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN XLVII. [23d Pſalm.

1 LEADER of faithful ſouls, and guide
Of all, that travel to the ſky,
Come, and with us, even us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely:
On thee alone our ſpirit ſtay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place,
And haſten through the vale of woe;
And reſtleſs to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlaſting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But ſeek a city out of ſight,
Thither our ſteady courſe we ſteer,
Aſpiring to the plains of light.

Jeruſalem, the ſaints' abode,
Whoſe founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we caſt behind,
From ſtrength to ſtrength we travel on
The New Jeruſalem to find:
Our labour this our only aim,
To find the New Jeruſalem.

5 Through thee, who all our ſins haſt borne,
Freely and graciouſly forgiven,
With ſongs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious king:
We find it nearer, while we ſing.

6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with ſtrength renew'd,
The church of the firſt-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads ariſe,
And meet our Captain in the ſkies.

HYMN XLVIII. [Burford.

6. *Deſcribing Hell.*

1 TERRIBLE thought! ſhall I alone,
Who may be ſav'd, ſhall I
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through ſin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right-hand appear,
A bleſſing to receive,

3 Shall I, amidſt a ghaſtly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-ſeat,
Far on the left with horror ſtand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 While they enjoy his heavenly love,
Muſt I in torments dwell?
And howl, (while they ſing hymns above,)
And blow the flames of hell?

5 Ah! no; I ſtill may turn, and live;
For ſtill his wrath delays;
He now vouchſafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

6 I will accept his offers now,
From every ſin depart,
Perform my oft repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

7 I will improve, what I receive,
The grace through Jeſus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

SECTION III.

Praying for a Bleſſing.

HYMN XLIX. [Bexley.

1 THOU Son of God, whoſe flaming eyes
Our inmoſt thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening ſacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourſelves ſincere:
But ſhew us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worſhipper?

3 Is here a ſoul, that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A ſtranger to the blood, which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His deſperate ſtate explain:
And fill his heart with ſacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice, which wakes the dead,
And bid the ſleeper riſe,
And bid his guilty conſcience dread
The death, that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, what muſt be done
To ſave a wretch like me?
How ſhall a trembling ſinner ſhun
That endleſs miſery?

7 I muſt this inſtant now begin
Out of my ſleep to wake:
And turn to God, and every ſin
Continually forſake.

8 I muſt for faith inceſſant cry,
And wreſtle, Lord, with thee:
I muſt be born again, or die
To all eternity.

HYMN L. [Aldrich.

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known:
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break theſe hearts of ſtone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our fooliſhneſs to mourn;
And turn at once from every ſin,
And to my Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourſelves and thee to know
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life beſtow,
And take our ſins away.

4 Conclude us firſt in unbelief,
And freely then releaſe;
Fill every ſoul with ſacred grief,
And then with ſacred peace.

5 Impoveriſh, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our ſickneſs give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That bleſſed ſenſe of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and waſh the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our deſperate ſtate through ſin declare,
And ſpeak our ſins forgiven:
By perfect holineſs prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

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PART II.

CONVINCING.

SECTION I.

Deſcribing formal Religion.

HYMN LI. [Wenvo.

1 LONG have I ſeem'd to ſerve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Faſted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with the aſſembly join,
And near thy altar drew:
A form of godlineſs was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I reſted in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep deſign;
The length and breadth I never ſaw,
And height of love divine.

4 To pleaſe thee thus, at length I ſee,
Vainly I hoped, and ſtrove:
For what are outward things to thee,
Unleſs they ſpring from love?

5 I ſee the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full conſent, our whole deſires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boaſt,
Of means an idol made!
The ſpirit in the letter loſt,
The ſubſtance in the ſhade!

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakneſs do?
Jeſu, to thee, my ſoul looks up:
'Tis thou muſt make it new.

HYMN LII. [Brook's.

1 STILL for thy loving kindneſs, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I ſtand before thy face,
And hear thee ſay, "Be ſtill!"

3 "Be ſtill! and know, that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know!
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And ſpread its praiſe below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve;
The veil of outward things paſs through,
And gaſp in thee to live.

5 I work; and own the labour vain:
And thus from works I ceaſe:
I ſtrive; and ſee my fruitleſs pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitleſs, till thou thyſelf impart,
Muſt all my efforts prove,
They cannot change a ſinful heart,
They cannot purchaſe love.

7 I do the thing, thy laws enjoin,
And then the ſtrife give o'er:
To thee I then the whole reſign,
I truſt in means no more.

8 I truſt in Him, who ſtands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jeſu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee!

SECTION II.

Deſcribing inward Religion.

HYMN LIII. [Snowsfields.

1 THOU great myſterious God unknown,
Whoſe love hath gently led me on,
Ev'n from my infant days,
Mine inmoſt ſoul expoſe to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy juſtifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with an heart ſincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the farther grace beſtow,
And let my ſprinkled conſcience know
Thy ſweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not ſtop,
A ſtranger to the goſpel-hope,
The ſenſe of ſin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my ſoul deceive,
Without thy inward witneſs live,
That antepaſt of heaven.

4 If now the Witneſs were in me,
Would he not teſtify of thee,
In Jeſus reconcil'd?
And ſhould I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly "Abba, Father cry,
I know myſelf thy child?"

5 Ah! never let thy ſervant reſt,
Till of my part in Chriſt poſſeſt,
I on thy mercy feed:
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who died for all,
To eat the children's bread.

6 Whate'er obſtructs thy pardoning love,
Or ſin, or righteouſneſs remove,
Thy glory to diſplay;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now abſolve me from my ſins,
And take them all away.

HYMN LIV. [Kingswood.

1 UPRIGHT both in heart and will
We by our God were made;
But we turned from good to ill,
And o'er the creature ſtrayed;

Multiplied our wandring thought,
Which firſt was fixt on God alone,
In ten thouſand objects ſought
The bliſs, we loſt in one.

2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happineſs,
Draw us to thyſelf again,
And bid our wandrings ceaſe;
Jeſu, ſpeak our ſouls reſtor'd
By love's divine ſimplicity;
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly loſt in thee!

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PART III.

SECTION I.

Praying for Repentance.

HYMN LV. [Mourner's.

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds,
Whate'er thy every creature needs,
Whoſe goodneſs, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look, my heart prepare:
Suggeſt, and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myſelf I ſee
Naked, and poor, and void of thee;
Thy eyes muſt all my thoughts ſurvey,
Preventing what my lips would ſay;
Thou ſeeſt my wants; for help they call,
And ere I ſpeak, thou know'ſt them all.

3 Thou know'ſt the baſeneſs of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind!

Thou know'ſt, how unſubdued my will,
Averſe to good, and prone to ill:
Thou know'ſt, how wide my paſſions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I ſee;
Fain would I all my vileneſs own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Deteſt, and loath myſelf and ſin.

5 Ah! give me Lord myſelf to feel,
My total miſery reveal;
Ah give me Lord, (I ſtill would ſay,)
An heart to mourn, an heart to pray:
My buſineſs this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer!

HYMN LVI. [Brentford.

1 O That I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in ſunder cleave!
Thou by thy two-edg'd ſword
My ſoul and ſpirit part,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my ſtubborn heart!

2 Saviour, and Prince of peace,
The double grace beſtow,
Unlooſe the bands of wickedneſs,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my ſins to feel,
And then my load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thy own mercy's ſake
The curſed thing remove;
And into thy protection take
The priſoner of thy love:
In every trying hour
Stand by my feeble ſoul,
And ſkreen me from my nature's power,
Till thou haſt made me whole.

4 This is thy will I know,
That I ſhould holy be,
Should let my ſin this moment go,
This moment turn to thee;
O might I now embrace
Thy all-ſufficient power,
And never more to ſin give place,
And never grieve thee more!

HYMN LVII. [Calvary.

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandring ſheep;
Falſe to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace reſtored,
On me be all long-ſuffering ſhown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above
Repentance to impart,
Give me through thy dying love
The humble, contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

3 For thine own compaſſion's ſake
The gracious wonder ſhow;
Caſt my ſins behind thy back,
And waſh me white as ſnow;
If thy bowels now are ſtirred,
If now I would myſelf bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die!
Life and happineſs and love
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

5 Look, as when thine eye purſued
The firſt apoſtate man,
Saw him weltering in his blood,
And bade him riſe again;
Speak my paradiſe reſtored,
Redeem me by thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

6 Look, as when thy pity ſaw
Thine own in a ſtrange land;
Forced to obey the tyrant's law,
And feel his heavy hand:
Speak the ſoul-redeeming word,
And out of Egypt call thy ſon;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

7 Look, as when thy grace beheld,
The harlot in diſtreſs,
Dried her tears, her pardon ſeal'd,
And bade her go in peace:

Foul like her, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

8 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was cloſed, that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gaſp'd,) "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries, "Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'ſt my heart of ſtone!

SECTION II.

For Mourners convinced of Sin.

HYMN LVIII. [Fetter-Lane.

1 O Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe
With healing in thy wing,
To my diſeas'd, my fainting ſoul,
Life and ſalvation bring.

2 Theſe clouds of pride and ſin diſpel
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind by thy all-quick'ning power
From low deſires ſet free;
Unite my ſcatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long loſt ſon receive:
Saviour, thy purchaſe own;
Bleſt Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be placed,
All love be paid to thee.

HYMN LIX. [Kingswood.

1 LET the world their virtue boaſt,
Their works of righteouſneſs;
I, a wretch undone and loſt,
Am freely ſaved by grace:
Other title I diſclaim,
This, only this is all my plea;
I the chief of ſinners' am,
But Jeſus died for me.

2 Happy they, whoſe joys abound
Like *Jordan's* ſwelling ſtream,
Who their heaven in Chriſt have found,
And give the praiſe to him;
Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity;
I the chief of ſinners' am,
But Jeſus died for me.

3 Bleſt are they, entirely bleſt,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved breaſt,
And hear the bridegroom's voice;
Meaneſt follower of the Lamb,
His ſteps I at a diſtance ſee;
I the chief of ſinners' am,
But Jeſus died for me.

4 I like *Gideon's* fleece am found,
Unwatered ſtill, and dry,
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the ſky,

Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

5 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need;
I can not give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead:
To bring fire on earth he came;
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

6 Jeſus, thou for me haſt died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I ſhall feel thy death applied,
I ſhall thy life receive;
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this ſhall be all my plea;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

HYMN LX. [Bexley.

1 WHY ſhould the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, deſcend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace?

2 Doſt thou not dwell in all thy ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
And ſhew my ſins forgiven?

3 Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy bleſt wings, celeſtial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

HYMN LXI. [Bexley.

1 GOD is in this and every place;
But O how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderneſs,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him, who all things fills,
Till he his light impart!
Till he his glorious ſelf reveals,
The veil is on my heart!

3 O thou, who ſeeſt and know'ſt my grief,
Thyſelf unſeen, unknown,
Pity my helpleſs unbelief,
And take away the ſtone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-ſought bleſſing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face, and live.

5 A darker ſoul did never yet
Thy promis'd help implore!
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never loſe him more

6 Now, Jeſus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of ſin remove,
And let me into God!

HYMN. LXII. [Fetter-Lane.

1 O That I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem!
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life concealed in him!

2 O that I could the bleſſing prove,
My heart's extreme deſire!
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I aſk to ſeal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil ceaſe,
And never grieve thee more!

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Even now my ſins remove,
And ſet my ſoul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In anſwer to ten thouſand prayers
Thou pardoning God deſcend!
Number me with ſalvation's heirs,
My ſins and troubles end!

6 Nothing I aſk, or want beſide,
Of all in earth or heaven:
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live, and die forgiven.

HYMN. LXIII. [Athlone.

1 O Thou that hear'ſt when ſinners cry,
Though all my ſins before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my ſoul averſe to ſin:
Let thy good ſpirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy preſence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight:
Thy ſaving ſtrength, O Lord, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort ſtill afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt,
And owns thy dreadful ſentence juſt:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And ſave the ſoul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pardoning God.

7 O may thy love inſpire my tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my powers ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

SECTION III.

For Mourners brought to the Birth.

HYMN LXIV. [Brockmer.

1 WITH glorious clouds incompaſt round,
Whom angels dimly ſee,
Will the Unſearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forſake his throne above,
Himſelf to worms impart?
Anſwer thou man of grief and love,
And ſpeak it to my heart!

3 In manifeſted love explain
Thy wonderful deſign;
What meant the ſuffring Son of man?
The ſtreaming blood divine?

4 Didſt thou not in our fleſh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my ſoul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds, which all my ſorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confeſt,
Stend forth a ſlaughtered Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimſon veſt,
And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy perſon ſhow,
Jehovah crucified:
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly ſee:
And gaze, tranſported at the ſight,
To all eternity.

HYMN LXV. [Mourner's.

1 JESU, if ſtill the ſame thou art,
If all thy promiſes are ſure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:

To me befall thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,
And, lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot; no, I will not rest,
Till thou my only rest return;
Till thou, the Prince of peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestowed
On all, that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God!
See, the poor fainting sinner see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with the righteousness!

4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray:
Hear in my heart thy spirit's cry,
Mark, what my labouring soul would say;
Answer the deep unuttered groan,
And shew, that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;
Light in thy light I then shall see:
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
"Glory divine is risen on thee:
"Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er;
"Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust, thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thine hands my all resign,
And wait, till all thou art is mine!

HYMN LXVI. [St. Paul's.

Part the First.

1 JESUS, if ſtill thou art to-day
As yeſterday the ſame,
Preſent to heal, in me diſplay
The virtue of thy name!

2 If ſtill thou goeſt about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praiſe may ſhew,
Be all thy wonders ſhewed.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet,

4 Loathſome, and foul, and ſelf-abhorred,
I ſink beneath my ſin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me ſtretch out my withered hands,
And lift them up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! thou knoweſt how long,)
My voice I cannot raiſe;
But O when thou ſhalt looſe my tongue,
The dumb ſhall ſing thy praiſe.

7 Lame at the pool I ſtill am found:
Give, and my ſtrength employ;
Light as a hart I then ſhall bound,
The lame ſhall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot ſee,
The ſinfulneſs of ſin:

9 But thou, they ſay, art paſſing by:
O let me find thee near!
Jeſus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee, the heavenly light:
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
Sinner, receive thy ſight!

HYMN LXVII. [Wenvo.

Part the Second.

1 WHILE dead in treſpaſſes I lie,
Thy quickning ſpirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.

2 While, full of anguiſh and diſeaſe,
My weak, diſtempered ſoul
Thy love compaſſionately ſees,
O let it make me whole.

3 While, torn by helliſh pride, I cry,
By legion-luſt poſſeſt,
Son of the living God, draw nigh,
And ſpeak me into reſt!

4 Caſt out thy foes, and let them ſtill
To Jeſu's name ſubmit;
Clothe with thy righteouſneſs, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

5 To Jeſu's name if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my ſtubborn ſpirit bow,
My ſtiff-necked will obey.

6 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And ſick, and poor I am;
But ſure a remedy to find
For all in Jeſu's name.

7 I know in thee all fulneſs dwells,
And all for wretched man;
Fill every want my ſpirit feels,
And break off every chain.

8 If thou impart thyſelf to me,
No other good I need:
If thou the Son ſhalt make me free,
I ſhall be free indeed.

9 I cannot reſt, till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canſt to the utmoſt ſave.

10 From ſin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my ſoul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith ſhall make me whole.

11 I too with thee ſhall walk in white,
With all thy ſaints ſhall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

HYMN LXVIII. [Lamp's.

1 WHEN ſhall thy love conſtrain,
And force me to thy breaſt?
When ſhall my ſoul return again
To her eternal reſt?

Ah! what avails my ſtrife,
My wandring to and fro?
Thou haſt the words of endleſs life;
Ah! whither ſhould I go?

2 Thy condeſcending grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me ſtill to ſeek thy face,
And ſtoops to aſk my love.
Lord, at thy feet I fall!
I groan to be ſet free:
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee!

3 To reſcue me from woe
Thou didſt with all things part;
Didſt lead a ſuffering life below
To gain my worthleſs heart.
My worthleſs heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,
Was found in faſhion as a man,
And died a curſed death.

4 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my ſoul from earth away
For Jeſus to receive?
Nay, but I yield, I yield?
I can hold out no more:
I ſink by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

5 Though late, I all forſake,
My friends my all reſign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And ſeal me ever thine!
Come, and poſſeſs me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle, and fix my wavering ſoul
With all thy weight of love.

6 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know:
To seek, and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart!

HYMN LXIX. [Foundery.

1 DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry, till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold:
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
Wait the leisure of thy Lord:
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word:
On his word my soul I cast,
(He can ne'er himself deny,)
Surely it shall speak at last:
It shall speak, and shall not lye.

3 Every one, that seeks, shall find;
Every one, that asks, shall have
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to save:
I shall his salvation see,
I in faith on Jesus call,
From sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
Weak and helpleſs as I am:
Surely thou canſt make me ſtand;
I believe in Jeſu's name:
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou haſt ſaved me heretofore:
Thou from ſin doſt ſave me now;
Thou ſhalt ſave me evermore.

HYMN LXX. [Chappel.

1 O Love divine, how ſweet thou art!
When ſhall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirſt, I faint, I die to prove
The greatneſs of redeeming love,
The love of Chriſt to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unſearchable:
The firſt-born ſons of light
Deſire in vain its depth to ſee:
They cannot reach the myſtery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In this poor ſtony heart!
For love I ſigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever ſit
With Mary at the Maſter's feet,
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliſs,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I could with favour'd John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breaſt!
From care, and ſin, and ſorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlaſting reſt.

HYMN LXXI. [112th Pſalm.

1 FATHER of Jeſus Chriſt the juſt,
My friend and advocate with thee,
Pity a ſoul, that fain would truſt
In him, who lived, and died for me:
But only thou canſt make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Shew me in Chriſt thy ſmiling face;
What fleſh and blood can ne'er reveal,
Thy co-eternal Son diſplay,
And call my darkneſs into day.

3 The gift unſpeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to ſhine;
To ſhine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine.
Now bid the new creation be!
O God, let there be faith in me!

HYMN LXXII. [Lamp's.

1 AH! whither ſhould I go,
Burdened, and ſick, and faint?
To whom ſhould I my trouble ſhow,
And pour out my complaint?

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
Weak and helpleſs as I am:
Surely thou canſt make me ſtand;
I believe in Jeſu's name:
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou haſt ſaved me heretofore:
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Burdened, and ſick, and faint?
To whom ſhould I my trouble ſhow,
And pour out my complaint?

My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary ſinner home;
And yet from him I ſtay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Poſſeſſion of my heart?
Some curſed thing unknown
Muſt ſurely lurk within:
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some ſecret boſom-ſin.

3 Jeſu, the hindrance ſhow,
Which I have feared to ſee:
Yet let me now conſent to know
What keeps me out of thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power diſplay;
Into its darkeſt corners ſhine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe, in thee
Compaſſion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldſt fain remove;
Remove it, and I ſhall declare,
That God is only love.

HYMN LXXIII. [Fetter-Lane.

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyſelf declare;
God inacceſſible, unknown,
Regard a ſinner's prayer.

2 A ſinner weltring in his blood,
Unpurged, and unforgiven;
Far diſtant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

3 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call:
Pity thy fallen creature's pain
And raiſe me from my fall!

4 The darkneſs, which through thee I feel,
Thou only canſt remove:
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy Deity of Love?

5 Thou haſt in unbelief ſhut up,
That grace may let me go:
In hope believing againſt hope,
I wait the truth to know.

6 Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light affo·d:
Bound and oppreſt, yet thine I am,
The priſoner of the Lo.d.

7 I would not to thy foe ſubmit;
I hate the tyrant's chain:
Send forth the priſoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain!

8 Shew me the blood, that bought my peace,
The covenant blood apply!
And all my griefs at once ſhall ceaſe,
And all my ſins ſhall die.

9 Now, Lord, if thou art power, deſcend;
The mountain ſin remove:
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art Truth and Love!

10 Speak, Jeſu, ſpeak into my heart,
What thou for me haſt done!
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own!

HYMN LXXIV. [Olney.

1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And ſhew thyſelf the ſinner's friend,
And ſet me up on high.
From hell's oppreſſive power
My ſtruggling ſoul releaſe;
And to thy Father's grace reſtore,
And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteouſneſs
I make my only plea!
My preſent and eternal peace,
Are both derived from thee.
Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow,
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

3 Come then, impute, impart
To me thy righteouſneſs,
And let me taſte how good thou art;
How full of truth and grace:
That thou canſt here forgive,
Grant me to teſtify,
And juſtified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

HYMN LXXV. [Brentford.

1 LO! in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove,
My Potter, ſtamp on me thy clay,
Thy only ſtamp of love!

Be this my whole deſire,
I know that it is thine!
Then kindle in my ſoul a fire,
Which ſhall for ever ſhine.

2 Thy gracious readineſs
To ſave mankind aſſert;
Thy image, love, thy name impreſs,
Thy nature on my heart!
Bowels of mercy, hear,
Into my ſoul come down;
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Chriſt put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!
O fix in me thy home!
So ſhall I cry to all mankind,
Come, to the waters, come!
Jeſus is full of grace;
To all his bowels move:
Behold in him, ye fallen race,
That God is only love!

HYMN LXXXVI. [Paſſion.

1 O Jeſus my Hope, For me offered up,
Who with clamour purſued thee to Calvary's top:
The blood thou haſt ſhed, For me let it plead,
And declare thou haſt died in thy murderer's ſtead.

2 Come then from above, The ſtony remove,
And vanquiſh my heart with the ſenſe of thy love.
Thy love on the tree Diſplay unto me,
And the ſervant of ſin in a moment is free.

3 Neither paſſion nor pride Thy croſs can abide,
But melt in the fountain, that ſtreams from thy ſide.

Let the wonderful flood Waſh off all my load,
And purge my foul conſcience, and bring me to God.

4 Now, now let me know Its virtue below!
Let it waſh me, and I ſhall be whiter than ſnow.
Let it hallow my heart, And throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

5 Each moment applied, My weakneſs to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:
My Advocate proye With the Father above,
And ſpeak me at laſt to the throne of thy love.

HYMN LXXVII. [Dreſden.

1 STAY, thou inſulted Spirit, ſtay,
Though I have done thee ſuch deſpite;
Nor caſt the ſinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlaſting flight.

2 Though I have ſteeled my ſtubborn heart,
And ſtill ſhook off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart
For forty, long, rebellious years.

3 Though I have moſt unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace received;
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs ſeen;
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs grieved.

4 Yet O! the chief of ſinners ſpare
In honour of my great High-Prieſt,
Nor in thy righteous anger ſwear
To exclude me from thy people's reſt.

5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove:
Nor leave me in my loſt eſtate;
Nor curſe me with this want of love.

6 From now my weary ſoul releaſe;
Up-raiſe me with thy gracious hand;
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promiſed land.

HYMN LXXVIII. [Paſſion.

1 COME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
Overturn all that hinders the courſe of thy love:
My boſom inſpire,
Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole ſoul in the flames of deſire.

2 I languiſh and pine
For the comfort divine,
O when ſhall I ſay, my Beloved is mine?
I have choſe the good part,
My portion thou art,
O love, I have found thee, O God, in my heart.

3 For this my heart ſighs,
Nothing elſe can ſuffice;
How, Lord, can I purchaſe the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought,
And thou know'it I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice ſay,
Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever hath nothing to pay:
Who on Jeſus relies,
Without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveneſs and holineſs buys.

5 The bleſſing is free:
So, Lord, let it be;
I yield that thy love ſhould be given to me.

I freely receive
What thou freely doſt give,
And conſent in thy love, in thine Eden to live.

6 The gift I embrace,
The giver I praiſe,
And aſcribe my ſalvation to Jeſus's grace;
It came from above,
The foretaſte I prove,
And I ſoon ſhall receive all thy fulneſs of love.

HYMN LXXIX. [Thou Shepherd of Iſrael.

1 COME, holy celeſtial Dove,
To viſit a ſorrowful breaſt!
My burthen of guilt to remove,
And bring me aſſurance and reſt!
Thou only haſt power to relieve
A ſinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
The ſenſe of acceptance to give,
And ſprinkle his heart with thy blood!

2 With me if of old thou haſt ſtrove,
And ſtrangely with-held from my ſin,
And tried by the lure of thy love
My worthleſs affections to win:
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermoſt mercy exert:
And kindly continue to ſtrive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart!

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And ſighed from myſelf to get free,
And groaned the unſpeakable groan,
And longed to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect deſire!
Thy peace to my conſcience reveal;
The ſenſe of thy favour inſpire,
And give me my pardon to feel

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly returned,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourned;
Moſt pitiful ſpirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and reſtore;
My ſpirit in holineſs raiſe,
To fall and to ſuffer no more!

5 If now I lament after God,
And gaſp for a drop of thy love,
If Jeſus hath bought thee with blood
For me to receive from above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come!
True witneſs of mercy divine:
And make me thy permanent home,
And ſeal me eternally thine!

SECTION IV.

Convinced of Backſliding.

HYMN LXXX. [Builth.

Part the Firſt.

1 HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treaſure above!
Tongue cannot expreſs
The ſweet comfort and peace
Of a ſoul in its earlieſt love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I firſt found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jeſus's name!

3 'Twas an heaven below
My Saviour to know;
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the ſtory repeat,
And the lover of ſinners adore.

4 Jeſus all the day long
Was my joy and my ſong;
O that all his ſalvation might ſee!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath ſuffered, and died,
To redeem ſuch a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All ſin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever ſhould grieve,
That I ever ſhould ſuffer again.

6 I rode on the ſky,
Freely juſtified I!
Nor envied Elijah his ſeat;
My ſoul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 Oh! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour poſſeſt
I was perfectly bleſt,
As if filled with the fulneſs of God.

HYMN LXXXI. [Builth.

Part the Second.

1 AH, where am I now!
When was it, or how
That I fell from my heaven of grace!
I am brought into thrall,
I am ſtript of my All!
I am baniſhed from Jeſus's face.

2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So inſenſibly ſtarting aſide;
When the tempter came in
With his own ſubtle ſin,
And infected my ſpirit with pride.

3 But I felt it too ſoon
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vaniſhing out of my ſight;
My triumph and boaſt
On a ſudden were loſt,
And my day it was turned into night.

4 Only pride could deſtroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart;
But whate'er was the cauſe,
I lament the ſad loſs,
For the veil is come over my heart.

5 Ah! wretch that I am!
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil tormented within:
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone
To the fury of Satan and ſin.

6 Nothing now can relieve,
Without comfort I grieve,
I have loſt all my peace and my power:
No acceſs do I find
To the Friend of mankind;
I can aſk for his mercy no more.

7 Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end of my troubles I ſee)
Only Adam could tell
On the day that he fell,
And was turned out of Eden like me.

8 Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad,
Through a deſert of ſorrows I rove:
And how great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jeſus's love!

9 I never ſhall riſe
To my firſt paradiſe,
Or come my Redeemer to ſee:
But I feel a faint hope
That at laſt he will ſtoop,
And his pity ſhall bring him to me.

HYMN LXXXII. [Funeral.

HOW ſhall a loſt ſinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a ſecond releaſe?
Will mercy itſelf be ſo kind
To ſpare ſuch a rebel as me?
And, O! can I poſſibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jeſus, of thee I require,
If ſtill thou art able to ſave,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ranſom my ſoul from the grave?
The help of thy Spirit reſtore,
And ſhew me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a ſinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jeſus, in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a loſt ſoul,
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole:
The balm of thy mercy apply,
(Thou ſeeſt the ſore anguiſh I feel)
Save, Lord, or I periſh, I die,
O ſave, or I ſink into hell!

4 I ſink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to ſhow:
Come quickly, and kindly diſplay
The power of thy paſſion below,
By all thou haſt done for my ſake,
One drop of thy blood I implore:
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The ſinner a ſinner no more!

HYMN LXXXIII. [Funeral.

1 HOW tedious and taſteleſs the hours,
When Jeſus no longer I ſee:
Sweet proſpects, ſweet birds, and ſweet flowers,
Have all loſt their ſweetneſs with me:
The midſummer ſun ſhines but dim,
The fields ſtrive in vain to look gay:
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleaſant as May.

2 His name yields the richeſt perfume,
And ſweeter than muſic his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I ſhould, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wiſh or to fear;
No mortal ſo happy as I,
My ſummer would laſt all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleaſure reſigned;
No changes of ſeaſon or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bleſs'd with a ſenſe of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And priſons would palaces prove,
If Jeſus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my ſun and my ſong!
Say, why do I languiſh and pine,
And why are my winters ſo long?
O drive theſe dark clouds from my ſky,
Thy ſoul-chearing preſence reſtore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN LXXXIV. [Marienbourn.

1 O'Tis enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wandrings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleneſs no more:
No more thy lingring anger move,
Or ſin againſt thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee
Now let it all on me be ſhown!
On me, the chief of ſinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan!

Me to thy Father's grace reſtore;
Nor let me ever grieve thee more;

3 Fountain of unexhauſted love,
Of infinite compaſſions, hear;
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear!
Repentance, faith, and pardon give:
O let me turn again, and live!

HYMN LXXXV. [Pudſey.

1 THOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canſt thyſelf forget
Thy laſt, myſterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody ſweat!

2 When, wreſtling in the ſtrength of prayer,
Thy ſpirit ſunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble fleſh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee ſo,
Regard my fearful heart's deſire!
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my ſins expire:

4 I tremble, leſt the wrath divine,
Which bruiſes now my wretched ſoul,
Should bruiſe this wretched ſoul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my laſt diſtreſs I bring!
The heightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandiſhing his ſting,
Appears, and hell is cloſe behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endleſs baniſhment from thee:
O ſave, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

SECTION V.

For Mourners Recovered.

HYMN LXXXVI. [Dedication.

1 JESU, Shepherd of the ſheep,
Pity my unſettled ſoul!
Guide, and nouriſh me, and keep,
Till thy love ſhall make me whole:
Give me, perfect ſoundneſs give,
Make me ſtedfaſtly believe.

2 I am never at one ſtay!
Changing every hour I am:
But thou art, as yeſterday,
Now and evermore the ſame:
Conſtancy to me impart,
Eſtabliſh with thy grace my heart.

3 Lay thy weighty croſs on me,
All my unbelief controul:
Till the rebel ceaſe to be,
Keep him down within my ſoul:
That he never more may move,
Root and ground me faſt in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough ſea:
Holy, purifying hope,
Still my ſoul's ſure anchor be:
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

HYMN LXXXVII. [Cary's.

1 WEARY of wandring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open thine arms, and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou knowst the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
Oh! for thy truth and mercy's sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert!
The veil of sin again remove!
Drop thy warm blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love!
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now:
Fill all my soul with filial fears;
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow!
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
The iron-sinew in my neck.

6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of ſin!
A godly fear of ſin impart;
Implant, and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious power
And never dare to offend thee more.

HYMN. LXXXVIII. [Kingswood.

1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath raiſed me up,
Called me ſtill to ſeek thy face,
And given me back my hope:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindneſs ſhow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour, ſtand
In fierce temptation's hour;
Save me with thine out-ſtretched hand,
And ſhew forth all thy power:
Oh! be mindful of thy word,
Thy all-ſufficient grace beſtow:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart:
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart.
Sin be more than hell abhorred:
Till thou deſtroy the tyrant-foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breaſt,
From thee, my Saviour, ſtray;
Thou art my ſupport and reſt,
My true and living way:

My exceeding great reward
In heaven above, and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

HYMN LXXXIX. [Kingswood.

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified?
After all, that I have done,
Doſt thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are;
Beneath the weight I cannot move,
Oh! 'tis more than I can bear,
The ſenſe of pardoning love.

2 Let it ſtill my heart conſtrain,
And all my paſſions ſway;
Keep me, leſt I turn again
Out of the narrow way:
Force my violence to be ſtill,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more
Thy ſweet return to feel;
If even now I find thy power
Preſent my ſoul to heal:
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor ſtruggle out of thine embrace:
Never more reſiſt, or fly
From thy purſuing grace.

4 To the croſs, thine altar bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From my dear Lord to move:

That I never, never more
May with my much-loved Maſter part,
To the poſts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helpleſſneſs,
And leave me not alone;
O preſerve in perfect peace,
And ſeal me for thine own;
More and more thyſelf reveal,
Thy preſence let me always find:
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, ſin-ſick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakeſt ſervant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep.
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know;
For I have much forgiven.

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PART IV.

SECTION I.

For Believers Rejoicing.

HYMN XC. [Trumpet.

THE Lord of earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe!
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy ſpare,
Another, and another year.

3 When juſtice bared the ſword,
To cut the fig-tree down;
The pity of our Lord,
Cried, "Let it ſtill alone:"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And ſpares us yet another year.

4 Jeſus, thy ſpeaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace;
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound;
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN XCI. [Tallis.

1 O What ſhall I do My Saviour to praiſe,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace!
So ſtrong to deliver, So good to redeem
The weakeſt believer, That hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man, Whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
And ſtill they are talking Of Jeſus's grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name,
They ſhall as their right Thy righteouſneſs claim;
Thy righteouſneſs wearing, And cleanſed by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in The preſence of God.

4 For thou art their boaſt, Their glory, and power;
And I alſo truſt To ſee the glad hour,
My ſoul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of ſalvation, That lifts up my head.

5 For Jeſus my Lord Is now my defence;
I truſt in his word, None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, He all things will do,
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I ſhall ſee The bliſs of thine own,
Thy ſecret to me Shall ſoon be made known;
For ſorrow and ſadneſs I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs Of all that believe.

HYMN XCII. [Hamilton.

1 OFT I in my heart have ſaid,
Who ſhall aſcend on high,
Mount to Chriſt my glorious head,
And bring him from the ſky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I ſhould find him there,
Where the angels praiſe their King,
And gain the morning-ſtar.

2 Oft I in my heart have ſaid,
Who to the deep ſhall ſtoop,
Sink with Chriſt among the dead
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare
By unfeigned humility,
Chriſt would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things:
"Inward turn thine eyes," (it saith,
While Christ to me it brings,)
"Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh;
In thy mouth, and in thy heart
The word is ever nigh."

HYMN XCIII. [Common.

1 ARISE, my soul arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father cry!

HYMN XCIV. [Old German.

1 MY God, I am thine! What a comfort divine,
What a bleſſing to know that my Jeſus is mine.
In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the ſound of his name.

2 True pleaſures abound In the rapturous ſound;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradiſe found.
My Jeſus to know, And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlaſting, 'tis heaven below!

3 Yet onward I haſte To the heavenly feaſt;
That, that is the fulneſs: but this is the taſte;
And this I ſhall prove, Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jeſus's love.

HYMN XCV. [Hotham.

1 JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is:
By his death to life reſtored,
Miſery we exchange for bliſs.

2 Bliſs by carnal minds unknown!
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers known,
Glorious and unſpeakable!

3 Christ our Brother and our Friend
Shews us his eternal love;
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.

4 Let us walk with him in white!
For our bridal-day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

HYMN XCVI. [Dying Stephen.

1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee,
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher;
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour;
The love divine,
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;

The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march oppoſes;
By thee we ſhall
Break through them all,
And ſing the ſong of Moſes.

4 By faith we ſee the glory
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us,
The cross deſpiſe
For that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall ſee thee ſtand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

HYMN XCVII. [Cornish.

1 COME, let us join our chearful ſongs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XCVIII. [Birmingham.

1 THEE will I love, my ſtrength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works and thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole ſoul with chaſte deſire.

2 Ah! why did I ſo late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the ſons of men?
Ah! why did I no ſooner go
To thee, the only eaſe in pain?
Aſhamed I ſigh, and inly mourn,
That I ſo late to thee did turn.

3 In darkneſs willingly I ſtrayed;
I ſought thee, yet from thee I roved;
For wide my wandring thoughts were ſpread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now if more at length I ſee,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have ſhined,
I thank thee, who haſt overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind,
I thank thee, whoſe enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor ſuffer me again to ſtray;
Strengthen my feet with ſteady pace
Still to preſs forward in thy way;
My ſoul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, ſatiate with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreſhing tears,
Give to my heart chaſte hallowed fires,
Give to my ſoul with filial fears
The love, that all heaven's hoſt inſpires;
That all my powers with all their might
In thy ſole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,
Thee will I love beneath thy frown
Or ſmile, thy ſceptre or thy rod;
What though my fleſh and heart decay?
Thee ſhall I love in endleſs day!

HYMN XCIX. [Eveſham.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my reſt!
The glories that compoſe thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me bleſt.

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine, by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon, thy ſervant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Even life itſelf, without thy love,
No laſting pleaſure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tireſome burthen prove
If I were baniſhed from thee, Lord!

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raiſe my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praiſe;
This work ſhall make my heart rejoice,
And ſpend the remnant of my days.

H Y M N C. [Cornish.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praiſe:
All praiſe to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choiceſt ſongs,
Whoſe providence has brought us through
Another various year,
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies paſt we own,
Thy ſtill continued care,
To thee, preſenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have, or are;
Our lips and lives ſhall gladly ſhow
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jeſu's ſteps we go
To ſee thy face above.

3 Our reſidue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine ſhall be,
And all our conſecrated powers
A ſacrifice to Thee:
Till Jeſus in the clouds appear,
To ſaints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand ſabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

H Y M N CI. [Trumpet Tune.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly ſolemn ſound;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace:
And saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN CII. [Dreſden.

1 HE dies, the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load!
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richeſt blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee,
Jeſus, the dead, revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb:
(In vain the tomb forbids his riſe)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

3 Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoiled the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains;
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter—"where's thy ſting?
And where's thy victory, O grave?"

HYMN CIII. [Corniſh.

1 INFINITE, unexhauſted Love!
Jeſus and love are one;
If ſtill to me thy bowels move,
They are reſtrained to none.

2 What ſhall I do my God to love!
My loving God to praiſe?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of ſovereign grace?

3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and uncontined;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known;
Wide as infinity!
So wide, it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise!

6 The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable?

7 Deeper than hell, it plucked me thence,
Deeper than inbred sin:
Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,
When Jesus enters in.

8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own!
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!

9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

HYMN CIV.

1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored!
O Jesus exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!

Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didſt ſtoop to redeem a loſt race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our fleſh didſt appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth;
Aroſe the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on earth;
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bleſs
The giver of concord and love,
The prince and the author of peace.

3 O wouldſt thou again be made known,
Again in the ſpirit deſcend;
And ſet up in each of thine own
A kingdom that never ſhall end.
Thou only art able to bleſs,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity ceaſe,
And bow the whole world to thy ſway.

4 Come then to thy ſervants again,
Who long thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy eſtabliſh below:
All ſorrow before thee ſhall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice ſhall die,
And diſcord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repoſe:
No ſound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jeſus's ſpirit o'erflows:
Appeaſed by the charms of thy grace,
We all ſhall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a paſſion like thine.

HYMN CV. [Brockmer.

1 O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name.

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are ſung,
Nor fully reckoned there;
And yet thou makeſt the infant tongue
Thy boundleſs praiſe declare.

3 When heaven, thy glorious works on high
Employs my wondring ſight,
The moon that nightly rules the ſky,
And ſtars of feebler light:

4 What's man, ſay I, that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'ſt
To him ſo wondrous kind?

HYMN CVI. [Corniſh.

1 LET every tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſovereign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrengthening hand s uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.

2 When ſorrows bow the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath the proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourner reſt.

3 The Lord ſupports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and juſt are all thy ways,
And all thy works are truth.

4 Thou know'ſt the pains thy ſervants feel;
Thou hear'ſt thy children's cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere;
Thou ſav'ſt the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips ſhall dwell upon thy praiſe,
And ſpread thy fame abroad:
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God.

HYMN CVII. [118th Pſalm.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker, while I've breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man, whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God; he made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, with all their train;
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves the oppreſt, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-ſight on the blind,
The Lord ſupports the fainting mind;
He ſends the labouring conſcience peace,
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the priſoner ſweet releaſe.

4 I'll praiſe him, while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN CVIII. [Kettleby's.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the ſtars, thoſe heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his clouds around the ſky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops deſcend in vain.

4 He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling fields with corn:
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And the young ravens, when they cry.

5 What is the creature's ſkill or force,
The ſprightly man, or warlike horſe?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But ſaints are lovely in his ſight,
He views his children with delight!
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear;
And looks, and loves his image there.

HYMN CIX. [Hallelujah.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal quires,
That fill the realms above;
Praiſe him who formed you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Sing to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in ſhades your thouſand eyes,
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

4 Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue:
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

5 Thunder and hail, and fires and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

6 Shout to the Lord ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar:
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

7 While monſters ſporting on the flood,
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine,
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And laſh the foaming brine.

8 But gentler things ſhall tune his name
To ſofter notes than theſe,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſpering through the trees.

9 Wave your tall heads ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

10 Let the ſhrill birds his honours raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky;
While groveling beaſts attempt his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

11 Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals take the ſound,
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

HYMN CX. [Canon.

1 JESUS, thou everlaſting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deſerved renown,
And wear our praiſes as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worſhip be
Like our eſpouſals, Lord, to thee:
Like the bleſt hour when from above
We firſt received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladneſs of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever ſtay!
Nor let our faith forſake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each following minute as it flies
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys,
Till we are raiſed to ſing thy name
At the great ſupper of the Lamb.

HYMN CXI. [Trinity.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories ſhine,
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known through the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand through the ſkies.
Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

2 Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ,
They ſhew the labour of thy hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet:
But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms:

3 Hence the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains,
Bright ſeraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

4 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Who ſweetly all agree
To ſave a world of ſinners loſt,
Eternal glory be.

HYMN CXII. [Salisbury.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing,
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored;
Hail, the everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love!

4 Christ our Lord and God we own;
Christ, the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine hear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou;
Jesu, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement thou.

7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee,
One supreme, eternal Three.

HYMN CXIII. [Stanton.

1 FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,
In ſongs of praiſe divinely ſing;
The great ſalvation loud proclaim,
And ſhout for joy the Saviour's name:
In every land begin the ſong;
To every land the ſtrains belong:
In chearful ſounds your voices raiſe,
And fill the world with loudeſt praiſe.

HYMN CXIV. [Eveſham.

1 HOW do thy mercies cloſe me round,
For ever be thy name adored!
I bluſh in all things to abound;
The ſervant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A ſuffering life my Maſter led:
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himſelf becomes my guard;
He ſmooths my bed, and gives me ſleep.

4 Jeſus protects, my fears be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
Thy everlaſting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who ſhall violate my reſt?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breaſt.

6 I reſt beneath the Almighty's ſhade,
My griefs expire, my troubles ceaſe;
Thou, Lord, on whom my ſoul is ſtaid,
Wilt keep me ſtill in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou loveſt to take
In time and in eternity:
Thou never, never wilt forſake
A helpleſs worm, that truſts in thee.

HYMN CXV. [Reſurrection.

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My chearful ſoul I raiſe;
Thy goodneſs bade me be,
And ſtill prolongs my days:
I ſee my natal hour return,
And bleſs the day, that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth
And all my bleſſings came;
Creating and preſerving grace
Let all that is within me praiſe.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praiſes give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My ſoul and all its powers
Thine wholly thine ſhall be;
All, all my happy hours
I conſecrate to thee;
Me to thine image now reſtore,
And I ſhall praiſe thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven!
In Chriſt a creature new,
Eternally forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All ſanctified by ſinleſs love.

6 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favoured ſon;
In death's triumphant hour
Like Moſes to thyſelf convey,
And kiſs my raptured ſoul away.

HYMN CXVI. [Builth.

1 AWAY with our fears,
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of ſalvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with ſinging return.

2 Thee, Jeſus, alone
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here:
And chearfully ſing
My Redeemer and King,
Till his ſign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice
Of my ſtate and condition below!

If of parents I came,
Who honoured thy name,
'Twas thy wiſdom appointed it ſo.

4 I ſing of thy grace,
From my earlieſt days
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou haſt been
My preſerver from ſin,
And I truſt, thou wilt ſave to the end.

5 O the infinite cares
And temptations and ſnares
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the bleſſings beſtowed
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliſs,
How unſpeakably happy am I;
Gathered into the fold,
With thy people enrolled,
With thy people to live, and to die!

7 O the goodneſs of God,
Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raiſe!
His ſtandard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unſpeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomleſs love,
That has deigned to approve,
And proſper the work of my hands!
With my paſtoral crook,
I went over the brook,
And behold! I am ſpread into bands!

9 Who, I aſk in amaze,
Hath begotten me theſe?
And inquire, from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the ſkies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praiſe,
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son I return!
The buſineſs purſue,
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice, that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ
The God of my life to proclaim:
'Tis worth living for this,
To adminiſter bliſs
And ſalvation in Jeſus's name.

12 My remnant of days
I ſpend in his praiſe,
Who died the whole world to redeem;
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him!

HYMN CXVII. [Cookham.

1 MEET and right it is to praiſe
God, the giver of all grace;
God, whoſe mercies are beſtowed
On the evil and the good.
He prevents his creatures call,
Kind and merciful to all:
Makes his ſun on ſinners riſe;
Showers his bleſſings from the ſkies.

2 Leaſt of all thy creatures we
Daily thy ſalvation ſee,
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led;
Through a wilderneſs of cares,
Through ten thouſand, thouſand ſnares;
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

3 By our boſom-foe beſet,
Taken in the fowler's net;
Paſſion's unreſiſting prey;
Oft within the toils we lay:
Sleeping on the brink of ſin,
Tophet gaped to take us in:
Mercy to our reſcue flew,
Broke the ſnare, and brought us through.

4 Here, as in the lion's den,
Undevoured we ſtill remain;
Paſs ſecure the watry flood,
Hanging on the arm of God;
Here we raiſe our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire;
Clap our hands amidſt the flame,
Glory give to Jeſu's name.

5 Jeſu's name in Satan's hour
Stands our adamantine tower:
Jeſus doth his own defend,
Love, and ſave us to the end.
Love ſhall make us perſevere,
Till our conquering Lord appear;
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with his heavenly love.

HYMN CXVIII. [Hamilton's.

1 THOU, my God, art good and wiſe,
And infinite in power:
Thee let all in earth and ſkies
Continually adore!
Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life and cloaths and food
And every comfort here,
Thee my moſt indulgent God,
I thank with heart ſincere,
For the bleſſings numberleſs,
Which thou haſt already given,
For my ſmalleſt ſpark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my ſins forgive,
And thy good ſpirit impart;
Then I ſhall in thee believe
With all my loving heart:
Always unto Jeſus look,
Him in heavenly glory ſee,
Who my cauſe hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace in anſwer to his prayer
And every grace beſtow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below;
Rooted in humility,
Still in every ſtate reſigned,
Plant, almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With ſelf-abaſing ſhame
Still I would myſelf deſpiſe,
And magnify thy name:
Thee let every creature bleſs,
Praiſe to God alone be given,
God alone deſerves the praiſe
Of all in earth or heaven.

HYMN CXIX. [Athlone.

1 MY ſoul through my Redeemer's care
Saved from the ſecond death I feel!
My eyes from tears of dark deſpair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet ſhall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze:
My ſoul ſhall live for God alone,
And all within me ſhout his praiſe.

HYMN CXX. [Wenvo.

1 THY ceaſeleſs, unexhauſted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our miſery.

2 Thou waiteſt to be gracious ſtill;
Thou doſt with ſinners bear,
That, ſaved, we may thy goodneſs feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodneſs and thy truth to me,
To every ſoul abound;
A vaſt, unfathomable ſea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its ſtreams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the ſtore;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore!

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock, that cannot move:
A thouſand promiſes declare
Thy conſtancy of love.

6 Throughout the univerſe it reigns
Unalterably ſure:
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodneſs muſt endure.

HYMN CXXI. [Aldrich.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in perſons three!
Bring back the heavenly bleſſing, loſt
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour and thy nature too
To me, to all reſtore!
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore!

3 Eternal Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Diſplay thy beams divine!
And cauſe the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to ſhine.

4 Light in thy light O may I ſee!
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Revived, and cheared, and bleſt by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance ſerene,
And let thy happy child
Behold without a cloud between
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprizing peace beſtow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holineſs below,
And then the joys of heaven!

SECTION II.

For Believers Fighting.

HYMN CXXII. [Olney.

1 O May thy powerful word
Inſpire a feeble worm
To ruſh into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by ſtorm!
O may we all improve
The grace already given
To ſeize the crown of perfect love,
And ſcale the mount of heaven!

HYMN CXXIII. [Handel's March.

Part the Firſt.

1 SOLDIERS of Chriſt, ariſe,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the ſtrength which God ſupplies,
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hoſts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the ſtrength of Jeſus truſts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his ſtrength endued,
But take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts paſt,
Ye may o'ercome through Chriſt alone,
And ſtand entire at laſt.

3 Stand then againſt your foes
In cloſe and firm array:
Legions of wily fiends oppoſe
Throughout the evil day;
But meet the ſons of might,
But mock their vain deſign,
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteouſneſs divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakneſs of the ſoul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indiſſolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourſelves with all the mind,
That was in Chriſt your head.

HYMN CXXIV. [Handel's March.

Part the Second.

1 BUT above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious ſhield,
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be ſure to win the field:
If faith ſurround your heart,
Satan ſhall be ſubdued,
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jeſu's blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe! hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe, that Jesus reigns,
All power to him is given;
Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
Believe yourselves to heaven!

3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer,
Ready for all alarms,
Stedfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceasing pray,
(Your Captain gives the word,)
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display:
Pray always; pray and never faint:
Pray, without ceasing pray.

HYMN CXXV. [Handel's March.

Part the Third.

1 IN fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the powers of prayer:
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move:
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.

2 To God your ſpirits dart:
Your ſouls in words declare,
Or groan to him, who reads the heart,
The unutterable prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now ſhew forth his praiſe,
In ſhouts, or ſilent awe adore
In miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your ſouls to God,
And bow them with your knees,
And ſpread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Sion's peace:
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind:
Extend the arms of mighty prayer
In graſping all mankind.

4 From ſtrength to ſtrength go on,
Wreſtle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkneſs down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the ſpirit cry
In all his ſoldiers, "Come,"
Till Chriſt the Lord deſcends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

HYMN CXXVI. [Amſterdam.

1 O Almighty God of love,
Thy holy arm diſplay!
Send me ſuccour from above
In this my evil day;
Arm my weakneſs with thy power,
Woman's ſeed appear within!
Be my ſafeguard and my tower
Againſt the face of ſin.

2 Could I of thy ſtrength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My ſoul would ſcorn to fear:
Nothing ſhould my firmneſs ſhock,
Should the gates of hell aſſail,
Were I built upon the rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my ſalvation, haſte,
Extend thy ample ſhade,
Let it over me be caſt;
And ſkreen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour;
Thou my ſure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fixed on thee.

4 Set upon thyſelf my feet,
And make me ſurely ſtand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thine hand:
Let me in the cleft be placed;
Never from my fence remove;
In thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlaſting love.

HYMN CXXVII. [Eveſham.

1 COME, Saviour, Jeſus, from above!
Aſſiſt me with thy heavenly grace!
Empty my heart of worldly love,
And for thyſelf prepare the place.

2 O let thy ſacred preſence fill,
And ſet my longing ſpirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feaſt on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I purſue;
I'll bid this world of noiſe and ſhow
With all its glittering ſnares adieu.

4 That path with humble ſpeed I'll ſeek,
In which my Saviour's footſteps ſhine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I ſpeak
Of any other love than thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this conſecrated ſoul:
Poſſeſs it thou, who haſt the right,
As Lord and Maſter of the whole.

6 Wealth, honour, pleaſure, and what elſe
This ſhort-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my ſoul repels,
To Chriſt alone reſolved to live.

7 Thee I can love, and thee alone
With pure delight and inward bliſs:
To know thou takeſt me for thy own,
O what a happineſs is this!

8 Nothing on earth do I deſire
But thy pure love within my breaſt:
This, only this will I require,
And freely give up all the reſt.

HYMN CXXVIII. [Plymouth.

1 SON of God, thy bleſſing grant,
Still ſupply our every want;
Tree of life, thy influence ſhed,
With thy ſap my ſpirit feed.

2 Tendereſt branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die,
Weak as helpleſs infancy;
O confirm my ſoul in thee.

3 Unſuſtained by thee I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruiſed reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, ſave me to the end:
Give me thy continuing grace;
Take the everlaſting praiſe.

HYMN CXXIX. [Chappel.

1 O God, thy faithfulneſs I plead,
My preſent help in time of need,
My great Deliverer thou!
Haſte to my aid! thy ear incline,
And reſcue this poor ſoul of mine;
I claim the promiſe now!

2 Where is the way? Ah, ſhew me where?
That I thy mercy may declare,
The power, that ſets me free:
How can I my deſtruction ſhun?
How can I from my nature run?
Anſwer, O God, for me.

3 One only way the erring mind
Of man, ſhort-ſighted man can find
From inbred ſin to fly;
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
Death, only death can cut the knot,
Which love can not untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thouſand ways,
To fooliſh man unknown;
My ſoul upon thy love I caſt;
I reſt me, till the ſtorm is paſt,
Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wiſe, and mighty love
Shall every ſtumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love ſhall burſt the ſhades of death,
And bear me from the gulph beneath
To everlaſting day.

HYMN CXXX. [Fulham.

1 GOD of my life, whoſe gracious power
Through various deaths my ſoul hath led,
Or turned aſide the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my ſinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I ſee;
Aſſiſt me ſtill my courſe to run,
And ſtill direct my paths to thee.

3 Oft hath the ſea confeſt thy power,
And given me back to thy command:
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, haſt lifted up my head:
Sudden I found thee near to ſave;
The fever owned thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O whither ſhould I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breaſt;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And ſafe beneath thy wings to reſt?

6 I have no ſkill the ſnare to ſhun,
But thou, O Chriſt, my wiſdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

7 Fooliſh, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way, I have not known:
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room:
Enter, and in me ever ſtay;
The crooked then ſhall ſtraight become,
The darkneſs ſhall be loſt in day!

HYMN CXXXI. [Kingswood.

Iſaiah xxxii. 2.

1 TO the haven of thy breaſt,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be my refuge and my reſt,
For O the ſtorm is high!
Save me from the furious blaſt,
A covert from the tempeſt be:
Hide me, Jeſus, till o'erpaſt
The ſtorm of ſin I ſee.

2 Welcome as the water-ſpring
In a dry barren place;
O deſcend on me, and bring
Thy ſweet refreſhing grace;
O'er a parched and weary land
As a great rock extends its ſhade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And ſcreen my naked head.

3 In the time of my diſtreſs
Thou haſt my ſuccour been,
In my utter helpleſſneſs
Reſtraining me from ſin:
Oh! how ſwiftly didſt thou move
To ſave me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And ſhield me with thy power.

4 Firſt and laſt in me perform
The work thou haſt begun:
Be my ſhelter from the ſtorm,
My ſhadow from the ſun:
Sprinkle ſtill the mercy-ſeat,
And bring thy Father's anger down;
Screen me, Jeſu, from the heat
And terror of his frown!

5 Let thy merit as a cloud
Still interpoſe between:
Plead the atonement of thy blood,
Till I am cleanſed from ſin:
Weary, parched with thirſt, and faint,
Till thou the abiding ſpirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

6 Never ſhall I want it leſs,
When thou the gift haſt given,
Filled me with thy righteouſneſs,
And ſealed the heir of heaven:
I ſhall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory ſee,
Till the ſprinkling of thy blood
Shall ſpeak me up to thee.

SECTION III.

For Believers Praying.

HYMN CXXXII. [Mourners.

1 JESU, thou ſovereign Lord of all,
The ſame through one eternal day,
Attend thy feebleſt followers call,
And O inſtruct us how to pray!
Pour out the ſupplicating grace,
And ſtir us up to ſeek thy face!

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good deſire,
Till thou who call'dſt a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inſpire;
And then we in thy ſpirit groan,
And then we give thee back thy own.

3 Jeſus regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here!
And now ſupply the common want,
And ſend us down the Comforter:
The ſpirit of ceaſeleſs prayer impart,
And fix thy agent in our heart.

4 To help our ſoul's infirmity,
To heal thy ſin-ſick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a houſe of prayer;
The promiſed Interceſſor give,
And let us now thyſelf receive.

5 Come in thy pleading ſpirit down
To us, who for thy coming ſtay!
Of all thy gifts we aſk but one,
We aſk the conſtant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lo d, in this requeſt!
Thou canſt not then deny the reſt.

HYMN CXXXIII. [Palmi's.

1 THE praying ſpirit breathe,
The watching power impart:
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind ſuſtain,
By worldly thoughts oppreſt:
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal reſt.

2 Swift to my reſcue come;
Thy own this moment ſeize:
Gather my wandring ſpirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arreſt the priſoner of thy love,
And ſhut me up in God.

HYMN CXXXIV. [Brook's.

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch, and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials laſt,
Long as the croſs we bear;
Oh! let our ſouls on thee be caſt
In never-ceaſing prayer.

3 The ſpirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wreſtle till we ſee thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou the perfect love impart,
Till thou thyſelf beſtow;
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go, unleſs
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great ſalvation bleſs,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in ſight is ſwallowed up,
And prayer in endleſs praiſe.

HYMN CXXXV. [Sheffield.

Exod. xxxii. 10. *Deut.* ix. 14.

1 O Wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moſes or Elijah prays;
Let Moſes in the ſpirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!"

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May riſe the wicked to conſume!
While juſtice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot ſeal the ſinner's doom;
My Son is in my ſervant's prayer,
And Jeſus forces me to ſpare."

3 O bleſſed word of goſpel-grace,
Which now we for our Iſrael plead!
A faithleſs and backſliding race,
Whom thou haſt out of Egypt freed
O do not then in wrath chaſtiſe,
Nor let thy whole diſpleaſure riſe!

4 Father, we aſk in Jeſu's name:
In Jeſu's power and ſpirit pray!
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim!
O turn thy threatening wrath away!
Our guilt and puniſhment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love!

5 Father, regard thy pleading Son,
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And ſend a peaceful anſwer down
In honour of our Spokeſman there!
Whoſe blood proclaims our ſins forgiven,
And ſpeaks thy rebels up to heaven.

HYMN CXXXVI. [Brentford.

1 JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me:
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy ſpirit dwell!
In me thy bowels move!
So ſhall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

HYMN CXXXVII. [Olney.

1 JESU, my ſtrength, my hope,
On thee I caſt my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know, thou heareſt my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a ſober mind,
A ſelf-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and caſts behind
The baits of pleaſing ill;
A ſoul inured to pain,
To hardſhip, grief, and loſs;
Bold to take up, firm to ſuſtain
The conſecrated croſs.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-diſcerning eye,
That looks to thee, when ſin is near,
And ſees the Tempter fly;
A ſpirit ſtill prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever ſtanding on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never ceaſe,
Never to murmur at thy ſtay,
Or wiſh my ſufferings leſs.
This bleſſing above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A ſingle, ſteady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward;
To thee and thy great name:
A jealous, juſt concern
For thine immortal praiſe;
A pure deſire, that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I reſt upon thy word,
The promiſe is for me.
My ſuccour, and ſalvation, Lord,
Shall ſurely come from thee:
But let me ſtill abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient ſpirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

SECTION IV.

For Believers Watching.

HYMN CXXXVIII. [St. Paul's.

1 MY drowſy powers, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake my ſluggiſh ſoul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

2 Go to the ants: for one poor grain
See how they toil and ſtrive:
Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We for whoſe ſake all nature ſtands,
And ſtars their courſes move;
We for whoſe guards the angel bands,
Come flying from above:

4 We for whom God the Son came down,
And laboured for our good,
How careleſs to ſecure the crown
He purchaſed with his blood!

5 Lord, ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vigorous ſouls to riſe,
With hands of faith and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

HYMN CXXXIX. [Brentford.

1 A Charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying ſoul to ſave,
And fit it for the ſky:
To ſerve the preſent age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Maſter's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy ſight to live;
And O thy ſervant, Lord, prepare
A ſtrict account to give:

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyſelf rely;
Aſſured, if I my truſt betray,
I ſhall for ever die.

HYMN CXL. [Brockmer.

1 GOD of all grace and majeſty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have favour found with thee,
Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear leſt I ſhould ever grieve
The gracious ſpirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuſe my liberty,
Or ſin againſt thy love;
This choiceſt fruit of faith beſtow
On a poor ſojourner;
And let me paſs my days below
In humbleneſs and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkneſs mourn,
The abſence of thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn,
Thy grace to wantonneſs:
Rather I would in painful awe,
Beneath thy anger move,
Than ſin againſt the goſpel-law
Of liberty and love.

4 But oh! thou wouldſt not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain;
Thou doſt not take delight to grieve
The helpleſs ſons of men:

Thy will is my ſalvation Lord;
And let it now take place,
And let me tremble at the word,
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy ſight,
My ſtrict obſerver ſee;
And thou by reverent love unite
My childlike heart to thee.
Still let me, till my days are paſt,
At Jeſu's feet abide;
So ſhall he lift me up at laſt,
And ſeat me by his ſide.

HYMN CXLI. [Wesley.

1 I Want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear,
A ſenſibility of ſin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodneſs grieve;
The filial awe, the fleſhly heart,
The tender conſcience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
Oh! God my conſcience make;
Awake my ſoul when ſin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake.

4 If to the right or left I ſtray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.

5 Oh! may the leaſt omiſſion pain
My well-inſtructed ſoul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN CXLII. [Wood's.

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And ſtill my tempted ſoul ſtand by,
Throughout the evil day!
The ſacred watchfulneſs impart,
And keep the iſſues of my heart,
And ſtir me up to pray.

2 My ſoul with thy whole armour arm:
In each approach of ſin alarm;
And ſhew the danger near!
Surround, ſuſtain, and ſtrengthen me,
And fill with godly jealouſy,
And ſanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careleſs hands hang down,
Oh! let me ſee thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And ſtarting cry from ruin's brink,
Save, Jeſus, or I yield, I ſink,
Oh ſave me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I raſhly ſtray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmoſt mercy ſhow,
And make me like thyſelf below,
Unblameable in grace:
Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holineſs to appear
Before thy glorious face.

HYMN CXLIII. [Iſlington.

1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I caſt my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inſpire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have taſted of thy grace,
The grace that ſure ſalvation brings;
If with me now thy ſpirit ſtays,
And hovering hides me in his wings:

3 Still let him with my weakneſs ſtay,
Nor for a moment's ſpace depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right, or left I ſtray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Chriſt thy way,
"Fly back to Chriſt; for ſin is near."

5 His ſacred unction from above
Be ſtill my comforter and guide:
Till all the ſtony he remove,
And in my loving heart reſide.

6 Jeſus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my way; my leader be,
And ſet upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
Oh! reach me out thy gracious hand;
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I ſtand.

HYMN CXLIV. [Iſlington.

1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helpleſſneſs reveal:
Satan and ſin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 Oh! that to thee my conſtant mind
Might with an even flame aſpire;
Pride in its earlieſt motions find,
And mark the riſings of deſire.

3 Oh! that my tender ſoul might fly,
The firſt abhorred approach of ill;
Quick as the apple of an eye
The ſlighteſt touch of ſin to feel!

4 Till thou anew my ſoul create,
Still may I ſtrive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to ſee the perfect day.

HYMN CXLV. [Handel's March.

Part the Firſt.

1 HARK! how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's ſound;
Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh!
The powers of hell ſurround;
Who bow to Chriſt's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See on the mountain top,
The ſtandard of your God!
In Jeſu's name I lift it up,
All ſtained with hallowed blood,

His ſtandard-bearer I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jeſu's croſs draw nigh!
He bore the croſs for all.

3 Go up with Chriſt your head,
Your Captain's footſteps ſee:
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given:
He ever reigns the ſame:
Salvation, happineſs, and heaven
Are all in Jeſu's name.

4 Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes aſſail:
Not wreſtling againſt fleſh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

HYMN CXLVI. [Handel's March.

Part the Second.

1 ANGELS your march oppoſe,
Who ſtill in ſtrength excel,
Your ſecret, ſworn, eternal foes,
Countleſs, inviſible:
With rage, that never ends,
Their helliſh arts they try;
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And ſpirits enthroned on high.

2 On earth the uſurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power;
O'er the poor fallen ſons of men
They tyrannize their hour.

But ſhall believers fear?
But ſhall believers fly?
Or ſee the bloody croſs appear,
And all their powers defy?

3 Jeſu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight!
Jeſus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.
By all hell's hoſts withſtood,
We all hell's hoſts overthrow;
And conquering them through Jeſu's blood,
We ſtill to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the ſkies,
And reaches out a ſtarry crown,
And bids us take the prize:
Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory:
And thou ſhalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou ſhalt reign with me.

HYMN CXLVII. [Cary's.

1 WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and ſhame;
As ſervants of the Lord moſt high,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wiſdom, Lord, on us beſtow,
From every evil to depart;
To ſtop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And ſhew them, how the Chriſtians live.

HYMN CXLVIII. [Snowfields.

1 BE it my only wiſdom here
To ſerve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior ſenſe may I diſplay
By ſhunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I ſtill from ſin depart;
A wiſe and underſtanding heart,
Jeſus, to me be given!
And let me through thy ſpirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

SECTION V.

For Believers Working.

HYMN CXLIX. [St. Paul's.

1 SUMMONED my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name my work I do,
And with a ſingle heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I ſee:
Accept my hallowed labour now;
I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes:
Jeſu, this mean oblation join
To thy great ſacrifice.

4 Stampt with an infinite deſert,
My work he then ſhall own;
Well pleaſed with me, when mine thou art,
And I his favourite ſon.

HYMN CL. [Lamp's.

1 GOD of almighty love,
By whoſe ſufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly ſeek thy face;
Through Jeſus Chriſt the juſt
My faint deſires receive!
And let me in thy goodneſs truſt,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I ſay or do,
Thy glory be my aim:
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-bleſſed name!
Jeſu, my ſingle eye
Be fixt on thee alone:
Thy name be praiſed on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith inſpire
My conſecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celeſtial fire,
With all thou haſt and art:
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renewed,
Into a ſaint exalt a worm;
A worm exalt to God!

HYMN CLI. [Athlone.

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go
My daily labour to purſue;
Thee, only thee reſolved to know
In all I think, or ſpeak, or do.

2 The taſk thy wiſdom has aſſigned,
O let me chearfully fulfil!
In all my works thy preſence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I ſet at my right-hand,
Whoſe eyes my inmoſt ſubſtance ſee;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy eaſy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And ſtill to things eternal look,
And haſten to thy glorious day:

5 For thee delightfully employ,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my courſe with even joy,
And cloſely walk with thee to heaven.

HYMN CLII. [Kingswood.

1 LO! I come with joy to do
The Maſter's bleſſed will;
Him in outward works purſue,
And ſerve his pleaſure ſtill.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I ſtill would chuſe the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil;
Kept in peace by Jeſu's name,
Supported by his ſmile;
Joyful thus my faith to ſhow,
I find his ſervice my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord! in tender love
Doſt all my burdens bear,
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there.
Calm on tumult's wheel I ſit,
'Midſt buſy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.

4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove!
Now my treaſure and my heart
Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employed,
Sees my ſoul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

5 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory ſee!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exerciſe their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And ſee thy glorious face!

HYMN CLIII. [Norwich.

1 CAPTAIN of Iſrael's hoſt, and guide
Of all who ſeek the land above,
Beneath thy ſhadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love;
Our ſtrength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

2 By thy unerring ſpirit led,
We ſhall not in the deſert ſtray;
We ſhall not ſull direction need,
Or miſs our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love is near.

HYMN CLIV. [Palmi's.

1 O Thou who cameſt from above,
The pure celeſtial fire to' impart,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguiſhable blaze,
And trembling to its ſource return
In humble love, and fervent praiſe.

3 Jeſu, confirm my heart's deſire,
To work, and ſpeak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And ſtill ſtir up thy gift in me:

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat!
Till death thy endleſs mercies ſeal,
And make the ſacrifice compleat.

HYMN CLV. [23d Pſalm.

1 WHEN quiet in my houſe I ſit,
Thy book be my companion ſtill;
My joy thy ſayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will;
And ſearch the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converſe be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk, and talk himſelf with me;
So ſhall my heart his preſence prove,
And burn with everlaſting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to reſt,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compoſe my weary breaſt,
While on the boſom of my Lord
I ſink in bliſsful dreams away,
And viſions of eternal day.

4 Riſing to ſing my Saviour's praiſe,
Thee may I publiſh all day long,
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with pureſt love,
And join me to thy church above.

SECTION VI.

For Believers Suffering.

HYMN CLVI. [Fetter-Lane.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

3 He in the days of feeble fleſh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

5 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his power;
We ſhall obtain delivering grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

HYMN CLVII. [Olney.

Part the Firſt.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his ſure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their courſe,
Whom winds and ſeas obey,
He ſhall direct thy wandring feet,
He ſhall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So ſafe ſhalt thou go on:
Fix on his work thy ſtedfaſt eye,
So ſhall thy work be done:
No profit canſt thou gain
By ſelf-conſuming care,
To him commend thy cauſe, his ear
Attends the ſofteſt prayer.

3 Thine everlaſting truth,
Father, thy ceaſeleſs love,
Sees all thy children's wants and knows
What beſt for each will prove;
And whatſoe'er thou willeſt
Thou doſt, O King of Kings!
What thine unerring wiſdom choſe,
Thy power to being brings

4 Thou every where haſt way,
And all things ſerve thy might,
Thy every act pure bleſſing is,
Thy path unſullied light:

When thou ariſeſt, Lord,
What ſhall thy work withſtand?
When all thy children want, thou giveſt,
Who, who ſhall ſtay thine hand?

HYMN CLVIII. [Olney.

Part the Second.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undiſmayed,
God hears thy ſighs, and counts thy tears,
God ſhall lift up thy head;
Through waves, and clouds, and ſtorms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, ſo ſhall this night,
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still ſink thy ſpirits down;
Caſt off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone;
What though thou ruleſt not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and Hell
Proclaim, God ſitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his ſovereign ſway
To chuſe and to command,
So ſhalt thou wondring own his way,
How wiſe, how ſtrong his hand;
Far, far above thy thought
His counſel ſhall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That cauſed thy needleſs fear.

4 Thou ſeeſt our weakneſs, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the ſinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee:

Let us in life, in death,
Thy ſtedfaſt truth declare,
And publiſh with our lateſt breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN CLIX. [Marienbourn.

1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be,
Thou ſeeſt, at laſt, I willing am,
Where'er thou goeſt to follow thee;
Myſelf in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my ſinful fleſh requires,
For thee I chearfully forego;
My covetous and vain deſires,
My hopes of happineſs below;
My ſenſes and my paſſion's food,
And all my thirſt for creature-good.

3 Pleaſure, and wealth, and praiſe, no more
Shall lead my captive ſoul aſtray:
My fond purſuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, reſolved to obey,
My own in all things to reſign,
And know no other will but thine,

4 All power is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulneſs dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely given;
Nothing but ſin I call my own:
Other propriety, diſclaim:
Thou only art the great I Am.

5 Wherefore to thee I all reſign:
Being thou art, and love, and power;
Thy only will be done, not mine;
Thee Lord, let earth and heaven adore!
Flow back the rivers to the ſea,
And let our all be loſt in thee!

HYMN CLX. [Travellers.

1 COME on my partners in diſtreſs,
My comrades through the wilderneſs,
Who ſtill your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celeſtial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and ſpace
Look forward to that happy place,
The ſaints' ſecure abode:
On faith's ſtrong eagle-pinions riſe,
And force your paſſage to the ſkies;
And ſcale the mount of God.

3 Who ſuffer with our Maſter here,
We ſhall before his face appear,
And by his ſide ſit down:
To patient faith the prize is ſure;
And all that to the end endure
The croſs, ſhall wear the crown.

4 Thrice-bleſſed bliſs, inſpiring hope;
It lifts the fainting ſpirits up;
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here ſhall ſoon be paſt,
And you and I aſcend at laſt,
Triumphant with our head.

5 That great myſterious Deity
We ſoon with open face ſhall ſee;
The beatific ſight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praiſe,
And wide diffuſe the golden blaze
Of everlaſting light.

6 The Father ſhining on his throne,
The glorious, co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and ſeven,

Conſpire our rapture to compleat:
And lo! we fall before thy feet,
And ſilence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that extatic pauſe,
Jeſu, we now ſuſtain thy croſs,
And at thy footſtool fall,
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our raviſhed ſpirits fill,
And God is all in all.

HYMN CLXI. [Traveller.

LORD, I adore thy gracious will,
Through every inſtrument of ill
My Father's goodneſs ſee:
Accept the complicated wrong,
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee.

HYMN CLXII. [Kingswood.

1 CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I ſhall his ſalvation ſee,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give,
My Saviour in diſtreſſes paſt,
Will not now his ſervant leave,
But bring me through at laſt.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft haſt proved;
Oft obſerved my ſilent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my reſcue flew,
And death ungraſp'd his fainting prey:
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And ſorrow fled away.

3 Now as yeſterday the ſame,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jeſus on thy word and name,
I ſtedfaſtly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promiſed joy I ſoon ſhall have;
Saved again to ſinners tell
Thy power and will to ſave.

4 To thy bleſſed will reſigned,
And ſtaid on that alone,
I thy perfect ſtrength ſhall find,
Thy faithful mercies own:
Compaſſed round with ſongs of praiſe,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And for thy glory live.

HYMN CLXIII. [Hamilton's.

1 FATHER, in the name I pray
Of thy incarnate Love,
Humbly aſk, that as my day,
My ſuffering ſtrength may prove,
When my ſorrows moſt increaſe,
Let thy ſtrongeſt joys be given;
Jeſu, come with my diſtreſs,
And agony is heaven.

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
For good remember me!
Me whom thou haſt cauſed to truſt,
For more than life on thee.
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burniſhed gold I ſhine,
Meet through conſecrated pain,
To ſee the face divine.

HYMN CLXIV. [Welling.

1 O Thou, to whoſe all-ſearching ſight
The darkneſs ſhineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
O burſt theſe bonds, and ſet it free.

2 Waſh out its ſtains, refine its droſs,
Nail my affections to thy croſs!
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darkſome wild I ſtray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When riſing floods my ſoul o'erflow,
When ſinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jeſu, thy timely aid impart,
And raiſe my head, and chear my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy ſteps I ſee,
Dauntleſs, untired I follow thee;
O let thy hand ſupport me ſtill,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My ſtrength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain ſhall ceaſe,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN CLXV. [Welling.

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirſty ſoul doth pant;
My longing heart implores thy grace,
O make me in thy likeneſs ſhine!

2 With ſtraudleſs, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I ſee;
In love be every wiſh reſigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak fleſh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breaſt;
When grief my wounded ſoul aſſails,
In lowly meekneſs may I reſt.

4 Cloſe by thy ſide ſtill may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With ſtedfaſt eye mark every ſtep,
And follow thee, where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight haſt won;
Alone thou haſt the wine-preſs trod:
In me thy ſtrengthning grace be ſhown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So when on Sion thou ſhalt ſtand,
And all heaven's hoſt adore their king,
Shall I be found at thy right-hand,
And free from pain thy glories ſing.

HYMN CLXVI. [Athlone.

1 JESU, the weary wanderer's reſt,
Give me thy eaſy yoke to bear;
With ſtedfaſt patience arm my breaſt,
With ſpotleſs love, and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy ſkill,
Though bitter to the taſte it be,
Powerful the wounded ſoul to heal.

3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages nigh!
So ſhall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care ſhall fly
As clouds before the mid-day ſun.

4 Speak to my warring paſſions, "Peace:"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be ſtill."
Thy power my ſtrength and fortreſs is,
For all things ſerve thy ſovereign will.

5 O death! where is thy ſting? where now
Thy boaſted victory, O grave?
Who ſhall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to ſave?

SECTION VII.

For Believers groaning for full Redemption.

HYMN CLXVII. [Lamp's,

2 THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my ſoul renew:
My ſoul ſhall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, ſanctified by love divine,
For ever ceaſe from ſin.

3 That bleſſed law of thine,
Jeſu, to me impart!
Thy ſpirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart:
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from ſin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy ſpotleſs ſanctity,
And ſweetly every moment draw
My happy ſoul to thee!

Soul of my ſoul remain!
Who didſt for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will!

HYMN CLXVIII. [Liverpool.

1 O For a heart to praiſe my God,
A heart from ſin ſet free!
A heart, that always feels thy blood,
So freely ſpilt for me!

2 A heart reſigned, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Chriſt is heard to ſpeak,
Where Jeſus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him, that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy tender heart is ſtill the ſame,
And melts at human woe;
Jeſu, for thee diſtreſt I am:
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart thou knoweſt, can never reſt,
Till thou create my peace;
Till of my Eden repoſſeſt,
From every ſin I ceaſe.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Beſtow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white ſtone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, beſt name of love.

H Y M N CLXIX. [Aldrich.

1 JESUS, thou all-ſuſtaining word,
My fallen ſpirit's hope,
After thy loving likeneſs, Lord,
O when ſhall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way:
Quicken my ſoul, inſtruct my heart,
My ſinking footſteps ſtay.

3 Of all thou haſt in earth below,
In heaven above to give,
Give me thine only ſelf to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In myſtic union join
Me to thyſelf, and let me prove
The fellowſhip divine.

5 Open the intercourſe between
My longing ſoul and thee,
Never to be broke off again,
Through all eternity.

H Y M N CLXX. [119th Pſalm.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whoſe height,
Whoſe depth unfathomed no man knows;
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I ſigh for thy repoſe:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At reſt, till it finds reſt in thee.

2 Thy ſecret voice invites me ſtill
The ſweetneſs of thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would: but though my will
Seems fixt, yet wide my paſſions rove:
Yet hindrances ſtrew all the way:
I aim at thee, yet from thee ſtray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou haſt brought
My mind to ſeek her peace in thee!
Yet while I ſeek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandring ſoul ſhall ſee:
O when ſhall all my wandrings end,
And all my ſteps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the ſun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repoſe in thee.

5 O hide this ſelf from me, that I
No more, but Chriſt in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling luſt ſurvive:
In all things nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire, or ſeek but thee.

6 O Love, thy ſovereign aid impart
To ſave me from low-thoughted care!
Chaſe this ſelf-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaſeleſs may Abba, Father, cry.

7 Ah! no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
Thrice happy he, who views with ſcorn
Earth's toys for thee his conſtant flame!
Oh! help, that I may never move
From the bleſt footſteps of thy love.

8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul, and ſay
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love, be all my choice.

HYMN CLXXI. [Cardiff.

1 YE happy ſinners hear
The priſoner of the Lord,
And wait till Chriſt appear
According to his word;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

2 The Lord our Righteouſneſs
We have long ſince received:
Salvation nearer is,
Than when we firſt believed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

3 Let others hug their chains,
For ſin and Satan plead,
And ſay, from ſin's remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

4 In God we put our truſt;
If we our ſins confeſs,
Faithful he is, and juſt
From all unrighteouſneſs
To cleanſe us all, both you and me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

5 Surely in us the hope
Of glory ſhall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And ſee redemption near;

Again I ſay, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

6 Who Jeſu's ſufferings ſhare,
My fellow priſoners now,
Ye ſoon the wreath ſhall wear
On your triumphant brow;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

7 The word of God is ſure,
And never can remove,
We ſhall in heart be pure
And perfected in love;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

8 Then let us gladly bring
Our ſacrifice of praiſe,
Let us give thanks, and ſing,
And glory in his grace;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

HYMN CLXXII. [Mitcham.

1 FOREVER here my reſt ſhall be,
Cloſe to thy bleeding ſide;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and ſin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanſe, and keep me clean.

3 Waſh me, and make me thus thine own:
Waſh me, and mine thou art:
Waſh me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to ſight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my ſoul be love.

H Y M N CLXXIII. [Blexey.

1 JESU, my life, thyſelf apply,
Thy holy ſpirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and ſin,
Still with thy rebel ſtrive;
Enter my ſoul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may riſe.

4 Reign in me Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy ſway;
Diffuſe thine image through my ſoul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the laſt remains of ſin,
And ſeal me thine abode;
Oh! make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

H Y M N CLXXIV. [Savannah.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be!

2 Jeſu, ſee my panting breaſt:
See I pant in thee to reſt!
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanſe me now from every ſin.

3 Fix, oh! fix my wavering mind;
To thy croſs my ſpirit bind;
Earthly paſſions far remove:
Swallow up our ſouls in love.

4 Duſt and aſhes though we be,
Full of guilt and miſery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God:
Take the purchaſe of thy blood!

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the atonement now receives:
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

6 See ye ſinners, ſee the flame
Riſing from the ſlaughter'd Lamb;
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

7 Jeſu, when this light we ſee,
All our ſouls on fire for thee:
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart diſſoves in love.

8 Boundleſs wiſdom, power divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine!
Praiſe by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hoſts of heaven.

HYMN CLXXV. [Irene.

1 JESU, thou art my king,
To me thy ſuccour bring;
Chriſt, the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word; I claim it now,
Send me now the promiſed aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,
Oh look with pity down!
Help, oh help! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity:
King of glory, Lord of all,
Chriſt, be Lord, be King to me.

3 I pant to feel thy ſway,
And only thee to obey:
Thee my ſpirit gaſps to meet;
This my one my ceaſeleſs prayer,
Make, oh make my heart thy ſeat,
Oh ſet up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And ſpread thy victory:
Hell, and death, and ſin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All ſubdue; through all my ſoul
Conquering and to conquer go!

HYMN CLXXVI. [Kingswood.

1 EVER fainting with deſire,
For thee, O Chriſt, I call,
Thee I reſtleſsly require,
I want my God, my all.

Jeſu, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above:
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou ſuffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy ſanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not the light afford:
The darkneſs from my ſoul remove?
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The ſecond gift impart:
With the indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart;
If with love thy heart is ſtored,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
O make the ſinner clean;
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off th' of inbred ſin:
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I ſhall then no longer rove;
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my life, my treaſure be,
My portion here below!
Nothing would I ſeek but thee,
Thee only would I know:
My exceeding great reward,
My heaven on earth, my heaven above;
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the bliſs to feel
Of thoſe, that are in thee:
Son of God, thyſelf reveal,
Engrave thy name on me;
As in heaven be here adored,
And let me now the promiſe prove:
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN CLXXVII. [Trinity.

1 LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promiſe true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my ſtrength renew.

2 If in this feeble fleſh I may
Awhile ſhew forth thy praiſe,
Jeſu, ſupport the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If ſuch a worm as I can ſpread
The common Saviour's name;
Let him who raiſed thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to ſhow,
Which purges every ſtain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me, till I my ſtrength of ſoul,
Till I thy love retrieve;
Till faith ſhall make my ſpirit whole,
And perfect ſoundneſs give.

6 Faith to be healed thou knoweſt I have,
From ſin to be made clean;
Able thou art from ſin to ſave,
From all indwelling ſin.

7 Surely thou canſt, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt thyſelf impart,
The bond-woman's baſe ſon caſt out,
And take up all my heart.

8 I ſhall my ancient ſtrength renew:
The excellence divine,
(If thou art good, if thou art true,)
Throughout my ſoul ſhall ſhine.

9 I ſhall, a weak and helpleſs worm,
Through Jeſus ſtrengthening me,
Impoſſibilities perform,
And live from ſinning free.

10 For this in ſtedfaſt hope I wait,
Now, Lord, my ſoul reſtore:
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I ſhall ſin no more.

HYMN CLXXVIII. [Mitcham.

Rom. iv. 13, *&c.*

1 MY God! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim;
Till all I have is loſt in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till ſtedfaſtly by faith I ſtand,
And all thy goodneſs know.

3 When ſhall I ſee the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!

4 Jeſu, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad!
Then ſhall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixt in God.

5 Love only can the conqueſt win,
The ſtrength of ſin ſubdue,
(Mine own unconquerable ſin,)
And form my ſoul anew.

6 Love can bow down the ſtubborn neck,
The ſtone to fleſh convert;
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break
An adamantine heart.

7 O that in me the ſacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the droſs of baſe deſire,
And make the mountains flow!

8 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my ſins conſume!
Come, Holy Ghoſt, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning come.

9 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my ſoul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And ſanctify the whole.

10 Sorrow and ſin ſhall then expire,
While, entered into reſt,
I only live my God to' admire,
My God for ever bleſt.

11 No longer then my heart ſhall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always ſee his face.

12 My ſtedfaſt ſoul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Chriſt be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN CLXXIX. [23d Pſalm.

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I aſk of thee:
That living water now beſtow,
Thy ſpirit and thyſelf on me:
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art;
Now let me find thee in my heart!

2 Thee let me drink, and thirſt no more
For drops of finite happineſs:
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In ſtreams of pure, perennial peace;
In joy, that none can take away,
In life, which ſhall for ever ſtay.

3 Father, on me the grace beſtow,
Unblameable before thy ſight,
Whence all the ſtreams of mercy flow:
Mercy, thy own ſupreme delight,
To me, for Jeſu's ſake, impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be ſhown,
While, liſt'ning to the wretch's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I ſwiftly fly
The poor and helpleſs to relieve,
My life, my all for them to give.

5 Thus may I ſhew the ſpirit within,
Which purges me from every ſtain,
Unſpotted from the world and ſin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove
By perfect purity and love.

HYMN CLXXX. [Olney.

1 O Come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From ſorrow, fear, and ſin.
The ſeed of ſin's deceaſe,
Spirit of health remove,
Spirit of finiſhed holineſs,
Spirit of perfect love.

2 Haſten the joyful day,
Which ſhall my ſins conſume,
When old things ſhall be paſt away,
And all things new become.
The original offence
Out of my ſoul eraſe;
Enter thyſelf, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

3 I want the witneſs, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleaſing in thy ſight.
I aſk no higher ſtate;
Indulge me but in this;
And ſoon or later then tranſlate
To my eternal bliſs.

HYMN CLXXXI. [Athlone.

1 O God moſt merciful and true,
Thy nature to my ſoul impart;
'Stabliſh with me the covenant new,
And write perfection on my heart.

2 To real holineſs reſtored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind;
And in the knowledge of my Lord
Fulneſs of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my ſins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, ſunk in guiltleſs ſhame, adore
With ſpeechleſs wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelmed with thy ſtupendous grace,
I ſhall not in thy preſence move;
But breathe unutterable praiſe,
And rapturous awe, and ſilent love.

5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires in ſweet confuſion loſt:
I cannot of my croſs complain,
I cannot of my goodneſs boaſt.

6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the duſt I hide,
And glory give to God alone,
My God, for ever pacified!

HYMN CLXXXII. [Shepherd of Iſrael.

1 WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and deſire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aſpire.
My hope is all centered in thee:
I truſt to recover thy love:
On earth thy ſalvation to ſee,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirſt for a life-giving God,
A God, that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which guſhed from Immanuel's ſide!
I gaſp for the ſtream of thy love,
The ſpirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally freſh from the throne,

HYMN CLXXXIII. [Amſterdam.

GIVE me the enlarged deſire,
And open, Lord, my ſoul,
Thy own fulneſs to require,
And comprehend the whole:
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider and yet wider ſtill
Then with all that is in thee
My ſoul for ever fill!

HYMN CLXXXIV. [Bradford.

1 JESU, thy boundleſs love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my conſtant flame!

2 O grant that nothing in my ſoul
May dwell but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love poſſeſs me whole!
My joy, my treaſure, and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how chearing is thy ray!
All pain before thy preſence flies;
Care, anguiſh, ſorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams ariſe:
O Jeſu, nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire or ſeek but thee

4 Unwearied may I this purſue,
Dauntleſs to the high prize aſpire:
Hourly within my ſoul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard this ſacred treaſure there.

5 O that I as a little child
May follow thee and never reſt;
Till ſweetly thou haſt breathed thy mild
And lowly mind into my breaſt!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one ſpirit with thee.

6 Still let thy love point out my way:
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought:
Still lead me, leſt I go aſtray;
Direct my work, inſpire my thought:
And if I fall ſoon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

7 In ſuffering be thy love my peace,
In weakneſs be thy love my power;
And when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſu, in that important hour!
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And ſave me, who for me haſt died,

HYMN CLXXXV. [Frankfort.

1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads!
The day of liberty draws near!
Jeſus, who on the Serpent treads,
Shall ſoon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all ſhall find, whom in his word
Himſelf hath cauſed to put your truſt,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promiſe juſt;
Faithful, if we our ſins confeſs,
To cleanſe from all unrighteouſneſs.

3 Yes, Lord, we muſt believe thee kind;
Thou never canſt unfaithful prove:
Surely we ſhall thy mercy find!
Who aſk, ſhall all receive thy love:
Nor canſt thou it to me deny:
I aſk, the chief of ſinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts be ſtrong!
Your down-caſt eyes and hands lift up!
Ye ſhall not be forgotten long:
Hope to the end, in Jeſus hope!
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove:
And cannot fail, if God is love.

5 Priſoners of hope, be ſtrong, be bold!
Caſt off your doubts, diſdain to fear!
Dare to believe! on Chriſt lay hold!
Wreſtle with Chriſt in mighty prayer:
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6 Haſt thou not died to purge our ſin;
And roſe thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedſt, and couldſt not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,
Which all thy great ſalvation brings:
The ſpirit of love, and health, and power
Shall come, and make us prieſts and kings;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The ſervant ſhall be as his Lord."

8 The promiſe ſtands for ever ſure,
And we ſhall in thine image ſhine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In ſpirit joined to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

9 Faithful and true, we now receive
The promiſe ratified by thee:
To thee, the when and how we leave
In time and in eternity:
We only hang upon thy word,
"The ſervant ſhall be as his Lord."

HYMN CLXXXVI. [Weſtminſter.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jeſu, thou art all compaſſion!
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Viſit us with thy ſalvation!
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always bleſſing;
Serve thee as thy hoſts above;
Pray, and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure and ſpotleſs let us be:
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly reſtored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe.

HYMN CLXXXVII. [Eveſham.

O That my load of ſin were gone!
O! that I could at laſt ſubmit
At Jeſu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my ſoul at Jeſu's feet!

2 Reſt for my ſoul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And ſtamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred-ſin,
And fully ſet my ſpirit free:
I cannot reſt, till pure within,
Till I am wholly loſt in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and eaſy burden prove;
The croſs all ſtained with hallowed blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would; but thou muſt give the power,
My heart from every ſin releaſe:
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord! the drooping ſinner chear,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN CLXXXVIII. [Italian.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And ſtamp me with thy ſpirit's ſeal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Diſplay thy glory from above:
And all I am ſhall ſink and die,
Loſt in aſtoniſhment and love!

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace:
I would be by myſelf abhorred:
All might, all majeſty, all praiſe,
All glory be to Chriſt my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As leſs than nothing in thy ſight,
And feel, that Chriſt is all in all!

SECTION VIII.

For Believers brought to the Birth.

HYMN CLXXXIX. [Invitation.

1 O God, to whom in fleſh revealed
The helpleſs all for ſuccour came;
The ſick to be relieved and healed,
And found ſalvation in thy name:

2 With publicans and harlots I,
In theſe thy ſpirit's goſpel-days,
To thee, the ſinner's friend, draw nigh,
And humbly ſue for ſaving grace.

3 Thou ſeeſt me helpleſs and diſtreſt,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor;
Weary I come to thee for reſt,
And ſick of ſin implore a cure.

4 My ſin's incurable diſeaſe,
Thou, Jeſus, thou alone canſt heal:
Inſpire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conſcience ſeal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge the foul, inbred leproſy,
And ſave me from my boſom-ſin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,
Thou canſt the ſaving grace impart;
Thou canſt this inſtant now forgive,
And ſtamp thine image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raiſe,
I know, thou canſt this moment cleanſe;
The deepeſt ſtains of ſin efface,
And drive the evil ſpirit hence.

8 Be it according to thy word!
Accompliſh now thy work in me;
And let my ſoul, to health reſtored,
Devote its little all to thee!

HYMN CXC. [Welling.

1 JESU, thy far-extended fame
My drooping ſoul exults to hear:
Thy name, thy all-reſtoring name,
Is muſic in a ſinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didſt receive
With comfortable words and kind;
Their ſorrows chear, their wants relieve,
Heal the diſeaſed, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour ſtill,
In every place and age the ſame?
Haſt thou forgot thy gracious ſkill,
Or loſt the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeleſs name I have;
The good, the kind phyſician thou
Art able now our ſouls to ſave,
Art willing to reſtore them now.

5 Though ſeventeen hundred years are paſt,
Since thou didſt in the fleſh appear;
Thy tender mercies ever laſt!
And ſtill thy healing power is here.

6 Wouldſt thou the body's health reſtore,
And not regard the ſin-ſick ſoul?
The ſin-ſick ſoul thou loveſt much more,
And ſurely thou ſhalt make it whole.

7 All my diſeaſe, my every ſin,
To thee, O Jeſus, I confeſs:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holineſs.

8 That token of thine utmoſt good
Now, Saviour, now on me beſtow:
And purge my conſcience with thy blood,
And waſh my nature white as ſnow.

HYMN CXCI. [Hotham.

1 SAVIOUR of the ſin-ſick ſoul,
Give me faith to make me whole!
Finiſh thy great work of grace!
Cut it ſhort in righteouſneſs.

2 Speak the ſecond time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred ſin:
Every ſtumbling-block remove;
Caſt it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing leſs will I require;
Nothing more can I deſire:
None but Chriſt to me be given!
None but Chriſt in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decreaſe!
O that all I am might ceaſe!
Let me into nothing fall!
Let my Lord be all in all!

HYMN CXCII. [Weſtminſter.

1 LIGHT of life, ſeraphic fire,
Love divine, thyſelf impart!
Every fainting ſoul inſpire;
Shine in every drooping heart!
Every mournful ſinner chear;
Scatter all our guilty gloom!
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come!

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the ſeeds of ſin:
Nothing more can we require:
We will covet nothing leſs:
Be thou all our heart's deſire,
All our joy and all our peace!

HYMN CXCIII. [Brockmer.

1 LORD, I believe a reſt remains,
To all thy people known,
A reſt, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.

2 A reſt, where all our ſoul's deſire
Is fixt on things above;
Where fear, and ſin, and grief expire,
Caſt out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the reſt might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power beſtow,
And let me ceaſe from ſin!

4 Remove this hardneſs from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the reſt of faith impart,
The ſabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'ſt I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-ſufficient good,
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be given:
Nothing beſide my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my ſoul deſcend!
No longer from thy creature ſtay,
My author, and my end!

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
And ſeal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be loſt,
Let all be loſt in God.

HYMN CXCIV. [Muſician's.

1 O Glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings:
It gives my ravithed ſoul a taſte,
And makes me for ſome moments feaſt
With Jeſu's prieſts and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earneſt hope,
I ſtand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey riſe,
And all the fruits of paradiſe
In endleſs plenty grow:

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar ſmile,
With every bleſſing bleſt;

There dwells the Lord our Righteouſneſs,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlaſting reſt.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this ſide Jordan ſtop,
But now the land poſſeſs!
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and ſins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderneſs

5 Now, O my Joſhua, bring me in!
Caſt out thy foes; the inbred ſin,
The carnal mind remove:
The purchaſe of thy death divide;
And O! with all the ſanctified
Give me a lot of love.

HYMN CXCV. [Mitcham,

1 O Joyful ſound of goſpel-grace!
Chriſt ſhall in me appear!
I, even I, ſhall ſee his face;
I ſhall be holy here!

2 The glorious crown of righteouſneſs
To me reached out I view:
Conqueror through him, I ſoon ſhall ſeize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promiſed land from Piſgah's top
I now exult to ſee:
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He viſits now the houſe of clay;
He ſhakes his future home;
Oh! wouldſt thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into thy temple come

5 With me I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot ſuffice,
Unleſs thou planteſt in my heart
A conſtant paradiſe.

6 My earth thou watereſt from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my ſoul!

7 Come, O my God, thyſelf reveal!
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canſt my ſpirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

8 Fulfil, fulfil my large deſires,
Large as infinity:
Give, give me all my ſoul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

HYMN CXCVI. [Dedication.

1 WHY not now, my God, my God?
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take poſſeſſion of my heart:
If thou canſt ſo greatly bow,
Friend of ſinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this my day,
For thyſelf to thee I cry;
Dying, if thou ſtill delay,
Muſt I not for ever die?
Enter now thy pooreſt home!
Now, my utmoſt Saviour, come!

HYMN CXCVII. [Hamilton's.

1 NOW, even now, I yield, I yield
With all my ſins to part:
Jeſus, ſpeak my pardon ſealed,
And purify my heart!

Purge the love of ſin away,
Then I into nothing fall:
Then I ſee the perfect day,
And Chriſt is all in all.

2 Jeſu, now our hearts inſpire.
With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire
To brighten and refine:
Purify our faith like gold:
All the droſs of ſin remove;
Melt our ſpirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN CXCVIII. [Liverpool.

1 JESUS hath died, that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in ſpirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unſpeakable;
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My ſoul breaks out in ſtrong deſire
The perfect bliſs to prove:
My longing heart is all on fire
To be diſſolved in love.

4 Give me thyſelf; from every boaſt,
From every wiſh ſet free:
Let all I am in thee be loſt
But give thyſelf to me!

5 Thy gifts, alas! can ne'er ſuffice,
Unleſs thyſelf be given;
Thy preſence makes my paradiſe,
And where thou art is heaven!

HYMN CXCIX. [Liverpool.

1 I Aſk the gift of righteouſneſs,
The ſin-ſubduing power:
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I aſk the blood-bought pardon ſealed,
The liberty from ſin:
The grace infuſed, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixt within.

3 Thou heareſt me for ſalvation pray;
Thou ſeeſt my heart's deſire:
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulneſs I require.

4 My vehement ſoul cries out oppreſt,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I reſt,
Till I am ſaved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer, and renew?

6 Thou canſt, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to ſin ſhall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

SECTION IX.

For Believers Saved.

HYMN CC. [Palmi's.

1 YE faithful ſouls, who Jeſus know,
If riſen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His reſurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove:
By actions ſhew your ſins forgiven!
And ſeek the glorious things above,
And follow Chriſt your head to heaven!

3 There your exalted Saviour ſee,
Seated at God's right-hand again,
In all his Father's majeſty,
In everlaſting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aſpire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praiſe.

5 For, who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing ſeek or want beſide:
Dead to the world and ſin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Chriſt concealed,
Deep in the Father's boſom lies;
And, glorious as your head revealed,
Ye ſoon ſhall meet him in the ſkies.

HYMN CCI. [Angel ſong.

1 LET not the wiſe his wiſdom boaſt!
The mighty glory in his might;
The rich in flattering riches truſt,
Which take their everlaſting flight,

2 The ruſh of numerous years bears down
The moſt gigantic ſtrength of man;
And where is all his wiſdom gone,
When duſt he turns to duſt again?

3 One only gift can juſtify
The boaſting ſoul, that knows his God;
When Jeſus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his ſprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my righteouſneſs I praiſe;
I triumph in the love divine:
The wiſdom, wealth, and ſtrength of grace,
In Chriſt to endleſs ages mine.

HYMN CCII. [Olney.

1 LORD, in the ſtrength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myſelf, my reſidue of days
I conſecrate to thee.

2 Thy ranſomed ſervant I
Reſtore to thee thy own;
And from this moment live or die
To ſerve my God alone.

HYMN CCIII. [23d Pſalm.

1 THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horror overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wiles I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile
With ſudden greens and herbage crowned,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN CCIV. [Cheſhunt.

1 THE voice of my beloved ſounds,
While o'er the mountain tops he bounds,
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my ſoul with tranſport fills;
Gently doth he chide my ſtay,
"Riſe, my love, and come away."

2 The ſcattered clouds are fled at laſt,
The rain is gone, the winter paſt,
The lovely vernal flowers appear,
The warbling choir enchant our ear;
Now, with ſweetly penſive moan,
Cooes the turtle-dove alone.

HYMN CCV. [Sion.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whoſe love is as great as his power,
And neither knows meaſure nor end.
'Tis Jeſus, the Firſt and the Laſt,
Whoſe ſpirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

HYMN CCVI. [London.

1 THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, (a ſhining frame!)
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied ſun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power diſplay;
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the liſtening earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball:
What though no real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN CCVII.

1 THE God of Abraham praiſe,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confeſt;
I bow and bleſs the ſacred Name,
For ever bleſt.

2 The God of Abraham praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe—and ſeek the joys
At his right-hand:

I all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himſelf my God!
And he ſhall ſave me to the end,
Through Jeſu's blood!

4 He by himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his oath depend,
I ſhall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heaven aſcend:
I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his power adore,
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN CCVIII. [Corniſh.

1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raiſe:
Thy all-ſuſtaining power we prove,
And gladly ſing thy praiſe.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our ſacrifice receive:
Made, and preſerved, and ſaved by thee,
To thee ourſelves we give.

3 Heaven-ward our every wiſh aſpires;
For all thy mercy's ſtore,
The ſole return thy love requires
Is that we aſk for more.

4 For more we aſk; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will:
Turn and beget us, Lord, again:
With all thy fulneſs fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghoſt, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So ſhall we ever live and move,
And be with Chriſt in God.

HYMN CCIX [Morning-Song.

1 WHEN all the mercies of my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou not loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe?

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtained,
And all my wants redreſt,
While in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themſelves in prayer.

4 Unnumbered comforts on my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtowed,
Before my infant-heart conceived
From whom thoſe comforts flowed.

5 When in the ſlippery paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm, unſeen, conveyed me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of life,
More to be feared than they.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The pleaſing theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to thee,
A grateful ſong I'll raiſe;
But O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN CCX. [Foundery.

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee our bodies yield:
Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and juſt, and right,
That we ſhould be wholly thine;
In thy only will delight,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art!
Holineſs unto the Lord
Still be written on our heart!

HYMN CCXI. [Wedneſbury.

1 LET him to whom we now belong,
His ſovereign right aſſert;
And take up every thankful ſong,
And every loving heart.

2 He juſtly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Chriſtian lives to Chriſt alone,
To Chriſt alone he dies.

3 Jeſus, thine own, at laſt receive!
Fulfil our heart's deſire!
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cauſe expire.

4 Our ſouls and bodies we reſign:
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

HYMN CCXII. [112th Pſalm.

1 BEHOLD the ſervant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will;
Joyful from my own works to ceaſe,
Glad to fulfil all righteouſneſs.

2 Me if thy grace vouchſafe to uſe,
Meaneſt of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner chuſe;
Let all my fruit be found of thee:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good deſign
O'errule, or change, as ſeems thee meet;
Jeſu, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all compleat,
And pleaſing in thy Father's ſight:
Thou only haſt done all things right.

4 Here then to thee thy own I leave;
Mould as thou wilt thy paſſive clay:
But let me all thy ſtamp receive;
But let me all thy words obey;
Serve with a ſingle heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN CCXIII. [Shepherd of Iſrael.

1 THOU Shepherd of Iſrael, and mine,
The joy and deſire of my heart,
For cloſer communion I pine,
I long to reſide where thou art:
The paſture I languiſh to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy boſom reclined,
Are ſcreened from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! ſhew me that happieſt place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where ſaints in an extaſy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a ſinner declare,
Thy paſſion and death on the tree;
My ſpirit to Calvary bear,
To ſuffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to reſt,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or riſe to be hid in thy breaſt:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Concealed in the cleft of thy ſide,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN CCXIV. [Salisbury.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to their new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
"God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head:
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

HYMN CCXV. [Dedication.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celeſtial hoſt
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praiſe by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vileſt of the ſinful race,
Lo! I anſwer to thy call:
Meaneſt veſſel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo, I come to do thy will,
All thy counſel to fulfil.

3 If ſo poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions ſanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me, for thy ſervice claim,
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my ſoul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel!
All I think, or ſpeak, or do:
Take my heart: but make it new!

5 Now, O God, thy own I am:
Now I give thee back thy own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame
Conſecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier ſtill, if thine I die

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praiſe by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

HYMN CCXVI. [Lamp's.

1 JESU, my truth, my way,
My ſure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble ſteps I ſtay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wiſdom and my guide,
My counſellor thou art:
O let me never leave thy ſide,
Or from thy paths depart!

3 I lift my eyes to thee
Thou lovely, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to ſhame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cauſe,
But reſt in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy croſs.

Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee! O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

6 Still ſtir me up to ſtrive
With thee in ſtrength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting ſoul of mine.

7 Perſiſt to ſave my ſoul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And ſhow forth all thy power.

8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new ſong to ſing,
When perfected in grace!

9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and ſtabliſh me,
And build me up in love.

10 Let me thy witneſs live,
When ſin is all deſtroyed;
And then my ſpotleſs ſoul receive,
And take me home to God.

SECTION X.

For Believers Interceding.

HYMN CCXVII. [Angel-Song.

Part the Firſt.

1 FATHER, if juſtly ſtill we claim
To us and ours the promiſe made,
To us be graciouſly the ſame,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holineſs the ſpirit ſhower;
Of wiſe diſcernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The ſpirit of convincing ſpeech,
Of power demonſtrative impart:
Such as may every conſcience reach,
And ſound the unbelieving heart:

4 The ſpirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmoſt of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul deſire,
And kindle life more pure and kind:

5 The ſpirit of faith in this thy day,
To break the power of cancelled ſin,
Tread down its ſtrength, o'erturn its ſway,
And ſtill the conqueſt more than win.

6 The ſpirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write:
Then grief expires, and pain, and ſtrife:
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

HYMN CCXVIII. [Angel-Song.

Part the Second.

1 ON all the earth thy Spirit ſhower,
The earth in righteouſneſs renew:
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy ſceptre all ſubdue.

2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it oppoſers all o'er-run;
And every law of ſin reverſe,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richeſt energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Chriſt prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God, and true;
The ancient ſeers thou didſt inſpire!
To us perform the promiſe due,
Deſcend, and crown us now with fire!

HYMN CCXIX. [Snowfields.

For the KING.

1 LORD, thou haſt bid thy people pray
For all that bear the ſovereign ſway,
And thy Vicegerent's reign,
Rulers, and governors, and powers;
And lo! in faith we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 Jeſu, thy choſen ſervant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his anointed head;
Bid all his griefs and troubles ceaſe,
And through the paths of heavenly peace,
To life eternal lead.

3 Cover his enemies with ſhame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled hopes deſtroy;
But ſhower on him thy bleſſings down;
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlaſting joy.

4 To hoary hairs be thou his God,
Late may he ſeek that high abode,
Late to his heaven remove:
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy by thy grace,
To fill a throne above.

5 And when thou doſt his ſpirit receive,
O give him, in his offspring, give
Us back our king again.
Preſerve them, Providence Divine,
And let the long-illuſtrious line,
To lateſt ages reign.

6 Secure us of his royal race
A man to ſtand before thy face,
And exerciſe thy power;
With wealth, proſperity, and peace,
Our nation and our church to bleſs,
Till time ſhall be no more.

HYMN CCXX. [Wedneſbury.

For PARENTS.

1 GOD only wiſe, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our ſteps aright:

2 To ſteer our dangerous courſe between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us to the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt by thy ſufficient grace
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our riſing progeny:

4 Their ſelfiſh will in time ſubdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a ſacred clew
To find the crucified.

5 We would in every ſtep look up,
By thy example taught
To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would perſuade their heart to' obey,
With mildeſt zeal proceed;
And never take the harſher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we aſk in faith ſincere
The wiſdom from above;
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love:

8 To watch their will to ſenſe inclined,
With-hold the hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their ſouls to God.

HYMN CCXXI. [Invitation.

For MASTERS.

1 MASTER ſupreme, I look to thee
For grace and wiſdom from above!
Veſted with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love!

2 That, taught according to thy will
To rule my family aright,
I may the appointed charge fulfil
With all my heart and all my might.

3 Inferiors as a ſacred truſt
I from the ſovereign Lord receive,
That what is ſuitable and juſt
Impartial I to all may give:

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
From vice and wickedneſs reſtrain!
Miſtakes and leſſer faults paſs by,
And govern with a looſer rein.

5 The ſervant faithfully diſcreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him I would tenderly intreat,
And ſcarce diſtinguiſh from a child.

6 Yet let me not my place forſake,
The occaſion of his ſtumbling prove;
The ſervant to my boſom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.

7 Order if ſome invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the goſpel-ſound,
And trace the providential way.

8 As far from abjectneſs as pride,
With condeſcending dignity,
Jeſus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the poſt aſſigned by thee.

9 Oh, could I emulate the zeal,
Thou doſt to thy poor ſervants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of ſouls intruſted to my care:

10 In daily prayer to God commend
The ſouls, whom God expired to ſave;
And think, how ſoon my ſway may end,
And all be equal in the grave!

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PART V.

For the SOCIETY.

SECTION I.

For the Society Meeting.

HYMN CXXII. [Foundery.

1 PEACE be on this houſe beſtowed,
Peace on all that here reſide,
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide!

Let the ſpirit now come down:
Let the bleſſing now take place!
Son of peace receive thy crown,
Fulneſs of the goſpel-grace.

2 Chriſt, my Maſter and my Lord,
Let me thy fore-runner be:
O be mindful of thy word!
Viſit them, and viſit me!
To this houſe and all herein
Now let thy ſalvation come!
Save our ſouls from inbred-ſin:
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never reſt,
Till the promiſe is fulfilled;
Till we are of thee poſſeſt,
Pardoned, ſanctified, and ſealed:
Till we all, in love renewed,
Find the pearl that Adam loſt,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN CCXXIII. [Newcaſtle.

1 ALL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet!
His love we proclaim, His praiſes repeat:
We own him our Jeſus, Continually near
To pardon, and bleſs us, And perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, In him we have power,
Preſerved by his grace Throughout the dark hour;
In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
His utmoſt ſalvation, His fulneſs of love.

3 Through pride and deſire Unhurt we have gone,
Through water and fire With him we went on!
The world and the devil Through him we o'ercame,
Our Jeſus from evil, For ever the ſame.

4 When we would have ſpurned His mercy and grace,
To Egypt returned, And fled from his face,
He hindered our flying (His goodneſs to ſhow,)
And ſtopt us by crying, "Will ye alſo go?"

5 O what ſhall I do My Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above!
The fruit of thy paſſion, Thy holineſs give!
Give us the ſalvation Of all that believe.

6 Come, Jeſus, and looſe the ſtammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The ſpiritual ſong:
Let us without ceaſing Give thanks for thy grace,
And glory, and bleſſing, And honour, and praiſe.

7 Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free:
Ah, haſt thou not, Lord, A bleſſing for me!
The peace, thou haſt given, This moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart!

HYMN CCXXIV. [Iſlington.

1 BROTHER in Chriſt, and well-beloved,
To Jeſus and his ſervants dear,
Enter, and ſhew thyſelf approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 'Scaped from the world, redeemed from ſin,
By fiends purſued, by men abhorred,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And ſhare the portion of thy Lord.

3 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right-hand
Of fellowſhip to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we ſtand,
And thee in Jeſu's name receive.

4 Say, is thy heart reſolved as ours?
Then let it burn with ſacred love;
Then let it taſte the heavenly powers;
Partaker of the joys above!

5 Jesu, attend, thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

6 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
The spirit of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

7 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

8 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above:
And I shall then behold thee near,
And I shall all be lost in love.

HYMN CCXXV. [Bexley.

1 JESU, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep!
For O the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay:
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm:
Unless we first the fold forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side:
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not ſuffer him to part,
The ſouls that here agree!
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us ſweetly live!
Together let us die!
And each a ſtarry crown receive,
And reign above the ſky.

H Y M N CCXXVI. [Brockner.

1 SEE, Jeſu, thy diſciples ſee,
The promiſed bleſſing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined:
We wait according to thy word
Thee in the midſt to find.

3 With us thou art aſſembled here;
But O thyſelf reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy preſence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And theſe dry bones ſhall live:
Speak peace into our hearts, and ſay,
"The Holy Ghoſt receive!"

5 Whom now we ſeek, O may we meet;
Jeſus, the crucified,
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou, who for us haſt died.

6 Cauſe us the record to receive!
Speak, and the tokens ſhew,
"Oh! be not faithleſs, but believe
In me, who died for you!"

HYMN CCXXVII. [Amsterdam.

1 TWO are better far than one
For counsel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands:
Each to love provoke his friend;
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 Wo to him, whose spirits droop!
To him, who falls alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on;
Happier we each other keep;
We each others burdens bear;
Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.

3 Who of twain has made us one,
Maintains our unity:
Jesus is the corner-stone,
In whom we all agree:
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind:
Who can break a three-fold cord,
Or part whom God hath joined?

4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints;
Find supplied in Jesu's love
What every member wants!
Grasp we our high-calling's prize!
Feel our sins on earth forgiven!
Rise, in his whole image rise,
And meet our head in heaven!

SECTION III.

For the Society giving Thanks.

HYMN CCXXVIII. [Built.

1 COME away to the ſkies!
My beloved, ariſe
And rejoice in the day thou waſt born:
On this feſtival day
Come exulting away,
And with ſinging to Sion return!

2 We have laid up our love
And treaſure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeemed of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with ſinging to paradiſe go.

3 With ſinging we praiſe
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father beſtowed;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are,
Created to ſhare
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again,
That our ſouls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The deſign of thy love,
Which hath joined us in Jeſus's name;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feaſt of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
We ſhall ſuddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We ſhall ſing to our lyres
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we ſing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praiſes repeat:
To the Lamb that was ſlain
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In aſſurance of hope
We to Jeſus look up,
Till his banner unfurled in the air
From our graves we do ſee,
And cry out, "It is he,"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN CCXXIX. [Trumpet

1 COME all, whoe'er have ſet
Your faces Sion-ward,
In Jeſus let us meet,
And praiſe our common Lord:
In Jeſus let us ſtill go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer ſtill
We to our country come;
To that celeſtial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home;
The New Jeruſalem above,
The ſeat of everlaſting love.

3 The ranſomed ſons of God,
All earthly things we ſcorn,
And to our high abode
With ſongs of praiſe return;
From ſtrength to ſtrength we ſtill proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeemed from ſin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's houſe repair
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is he;
And in his ſteps who tread,
We ſoon his face ſhall ſee;
Shall ſee him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

HYMN CCXXX. [Derby.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey purſue,
With vigour ariſe,
And preſs to our permanent place in the ſkies.
Of heavenly birth,
Though wandring on earth,
This is not our place,
But ſtrangers and pilgrims ourſelves we confeſs.

2 At Jeſus's call
We gave up our all;
And ſtill we forego
For Jeſus's ſake our enjoyments below:
No longing we find
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And ſtill we are ſeeking a country above:

3 A country of joy
Without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our heart and our treaſure already are there.
We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land:
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!

4 The rougher our way,
The ſhorter our ſtay:
The tempeſts that riſe
Shall glorioufly hurry our ſouls to the ſkies:
The fiercer the blaſt,
The ſooner 'tis paſt:
The troubles that come
Shall come to our reſcue, and haſten us home.

HYMN CCXXXI. [Builth.

1 COME, let us aſcend,
My companion and friend,
To a taſte of the banquet above!
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jeſus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jeſus confide,
We are bold to outride
The ſtorms of affliction beneath!
With the prophet we ſoar
To the heavenly ſhore,
And out-fly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home:
By hope we the rapture improve;

By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the palace of God, the great king?
What a concert of praiſe,
When our Jeſus's grace
The whole heavenly company ſing?

5 What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorified throng
In the ſpirit of harmony join?
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres;
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry
To the king of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I Am:
To the Lamb that was ſlain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleaſure he leads;
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the ſight of his face
Our beatified ſpirit he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name:
Our bodies his glory diſplay:
A day without night,
We feaſt in his ſight,
And eternity ſeems as a day!

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SECTION III.

For the Society Praying.

HYMN CCXXXII. [Aldrich.

1 COME, thou omniſcient Son of man,
Diſplay thy ſifting power:
Come with thy winnowing ſpirit's fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of ſin, the accurſed thing
Far from our ſouls be driven!
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame!
The clouds and darkneſs chaſe:
And tell me, what by ſin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove!
As duſt before the whirlwind flies,
Diſperſe it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulneſs know,
From every ſin ſet free:
Saved, to the utmoſt ſaved below,
And perfectly like thee.

HYMN CCXXXIII. [Wenvo.

1 TRY us, O God, and ſearch the ground
Of every ſinful heart:
Whate'er of ſin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlaſting peace.

3 Help us to help each other Lord,
Each others croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little flock to' improve;
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou haſt made us free indeed,
And ſpotleſs here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the ſanctified.

HYMN CCXXXIV. [Wenvo.

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we ſeek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine eaſy yoke,
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one ſpirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And ſweetly ſpeak the ſame.

4 Touched by the loadſtone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards thee.

5 To thee inſeparably joined,
Let all our ſpirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectneſs,
The ſpotleſs charity;
O let us (ſtill we pray) poſſeſs
The mind that was in thee.

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Inſenſibly remove:
Our ſouls their change ſhall ſcarcely know,
Made perfect firſt in love:

8 With eaſe our ſouls through death ſhall glide
Into their paradiſe,
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the ſkies.

9 Yet when the fulleſt joy is given,
The ſame delight we prove,
In earth, in paradiſe, in heaven
Our all in all is love.

HYMN CCXXXV. [Hamilton's,

John xiv. 16, 17.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his ſpeaking blood:

Give us that, for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son!
Shew his truth, and power, and grace,
And ſend the promiſe down.

2 True and faithful Witneſs, thou,
O Chriſt, the Spirit give:
Haſt thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living head?
Life to all thy limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy ſpirit ſhed
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghoſt, the Comforter,
The gift of Jeſus, come:
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And ſwells to make thee room;
Preſent with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be;
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

HYMN CCXXXVI. [Hotham.

1 GOD of love, that heareſt the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care;
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, ſave us to the end!

2 Save us in the proſperous hour
From the flattering tempter's power;
From his unſuſpected wiles,
From the world's pernicious ſmiles.

3 Cut off our dependance vain
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of fleſh remove!
Stay us on thy only love!

4 Men of worldly, low deſign,
Let not theſe thy people join,
Poiſon our ſimplicity,
Drag us from our truſt in thee.

5 Save us from the great and wiſe,
Till they ſink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke ſubmit,
Lay their honour at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulph between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

7 Let us ſtill to thee look up,
Thee, thy Iſrael's ſtrength and hope;
Nothing know or ſeek beſide
Jeſus, and him crucified.

8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings,
Taſte our glorious liberty;
Find our happy all in thee!

HYMN CCXXXVII. [Hotham.

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyſelf the Prince of peace;
Bid our jars for ever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love
Every ſtumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear:
Come, and ſpread thy banner here!

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each the others burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Shew, how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness!

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above:
On the wings of angels fly;
Shew how true believers die.

HYMN CCXXXVIII. [Cardiff.

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to' approve,
Thy providence obey,
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each others face;
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That all might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each others pain,
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renewed in perfect love

4 Surely thou didſt unite
Our kindred ſpirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The bleſſed end in view,
And join with mutual care
To fight our paſſage through:
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the ſtarry crown.

6 O may the Spirit ſeal
Our ſouls unto that day!
With all thy fulneſs fill,
And then tranſport away!
Away to our eternal reſt,
Away to our Redeemer's breaſt!

HYMN CCXXXIX. [Aſcenſion.

1 CHRIST, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Perfecting the ſaints below,
Hear us, who thy nature ſhare,
Who thy myſtic body are.

2 Join us, in one ſpirit join,
Let us ſtill receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thee, who fillеſt all in all!

3 Cloſer knit to thee our Head:
Nouriſh us, O Chriſt, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jeſus live.

4 Jesus, we thy members are!
Cherish us with kindest care;
Of thy flesh and of thy bone;
Love, for ever love thy own!

5 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil:

6 Never from our office move;
Needful to the others prove:
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.

7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.

8 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan:
Honoured, if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.

9 Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!

10 Love, like Death hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

HYMN CCXL. [Love-Feaſt.

The LOVE-FEAST.

Part the Firſt.

1 COME, and let us ſweetly join
Chriſt to praiſe in hymns divine;
Give we all with one accord
Glory to our common Lord
Hands, and hearts, and voices raiſe;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feaſt of love.

2 Strive we, in affection ſtrive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live, and love:
Called we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jeſu's name,
Now as yeſterday the ſame:
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Chriſt our Maſter ſtand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confeſs:
We are Jeſu's witneſſes.

4 Witneſſes that Chriſt hath died;
We with him are crucified:
Chriſt hath burſt the bands of death;
We his quickning Spirit breathe:
Chriſt is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wiſhes fly:
Sits at God's right-hand above;
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN CCXLI. [Foundery.

Part the Second.

1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord!
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word:
Humbly ſtoop to earth again:
Come, and viſit abject man!
Jeſu, dear expected gueſt,
Thou art bidden to the feaſt:
For thyſelf our hearts prepare!
Come, and ſit, and banquet there.

2 Jeſu, we the promiſe claim:
We are met in thy great name;
In the midſt do thou appear,
Manifeſt thy preſence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bleſs!
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyſelf within us move:
Make our feaſt a feaſt of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let in us thy bowels ſound:
Faith, and love, and joy increaſe,
Temperance, and gentleneſs:
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind:
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodneſs, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete!
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet to' appear before thy ſight,
Partners with the ſaints in light;
Call, O call us each by name
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon thy breaſt!
Love be there our endleſs feaſt!

HYMN CCXLII. [Invitation.

1 JESUS, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Great builder of thy church below,
If now thy Spirit moves my breaſt,
Hear, and fulfil thine own requeſt.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy ſanctifying word,
And thee their utmoſt Saviour own,
Unite, and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind expreſs,
Stand forth thy choſen witneſſes:
Thy power unto ſalvation ſhow,
And perfect holineſs below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Chriſtians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 O might my lot be caſt with theſe,
The leaſt of Jeſu's witneſſes!
O that my Lord would count me meet
To waſh his dear diſciples feet!

6 This only thing do I require;
Thou know'ſt 'tis all my heart's deſire;
Freely what I receive to give,
The ſervant of thy church to live.

7 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy ſaints below,
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And ſerve the royal heirs of heaven.

8 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And aſk according to thy will;
Confirm the prayer, the ſeal impart,
And ſpeak the anſwer to my heart.

9 Tell me, or thou ſhalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it ſhall be ſo."
The word hath paſſed thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN CCXLIII. [Muſician's.

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The beſt-concerted ſchemes are vain,
And never can ſucceed;
We ſpend our wretched ſtrength for nought;
But if our works in thee are wrought,
They ſhall be bleſt indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didſt thyſelf inſpire
Our ſouls with this intenſe deſire
Thy goodneſs to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jeſu's name!

3 In Jeſu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing reſolved to know,
And ſquare our uſeful lives below
By reaſon and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark, monaſtic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourſelves we give,
Conſtrained by Jeſu's love to live
The ſervants of mankind.

5 Now, Jeſu, now thy love impart
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will!
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy riſing church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With pureſt luſtre ſhine!
That all around our works may ſee,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine!

HYMN CCXLIV. [Mitchell.

1 COME, let us uſe the grace divine,
And all with one accord
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourſelves to Chriſt the Lord:

2 Give up ourſelves through Jeſu's power
His name to glorify,
And promiſe in this ſacred hour
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant, we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forſake,
Or caſt his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our ſolemn vow;
And if thou art well pleaſed to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Let all our hearts receive!
Preſent with the celeſtial hoſt,
The peaceful anſwer give!

6 To each the covenant-blood apply,
Which takes our ſins away;
And regiſter our names on high,
And keep us to that day!

SECTION IV.

For the Society, Parting.

HYMN CCXLV. [St. Paul's.

1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove;
We ſtill are one in heart.

2 Joined in one ſpirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go!
And ſtill in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
And ſhew his praiſe below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide,
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem
But Jeſus crucified!

4 Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulneſs to receive,
And grace to anſwer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The ſame in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us haſten to the day,
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore:
When death ſhall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

HYMN CCXLVI. [Trumpet.

1 JESUS, accept the praiſe,
That to thy name belongs!
Matter of all our praiſe,
Subject of all our ſongs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In fleſh we part awhile,
But ſtill in ſpirit joined,
To' embrace the happy toil,
Thou haſt to each aſſigned:
And, while we do thy bleſſed will,
We bear our heaven about us ſtill.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleaſant ways,
And, armed with patience run,
With joy the appointed race!
Keep us and every ſeeking ſoul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we ſhall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We ſhall with all our brethren riſe,
And graſp thee in the flaming ſkies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens ſhall paſs away;
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we ſhall view and heaven deſtroyed,
And ſhout above the fiery void!

6 Theſe eyes ſhall ſee them fall,
Mountains, and ſtars, and ſkies!
Theſe eyes ſhall ſee them all
Out of their aſhes riſe!
Theſe lips his praiſes ſhall rehearſe,
Whoſe nod reſtores the univerſe!

7 According to his word,
His oath to ſinners given,
We look to ſee reſtored
The ruined earth and heaven;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteouſneſs and love.

8 Then let us wait the ſound,
That ſhall our ſouls releaſe,
And labour to be found
Of him in ſpotleſs peace;
In perfect holineſs renewed,
Adorned with Chriſt, and meet for God!

HYMN CCXLVII. [Fetter-Lane.

1 GOD of all conſolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaſeleſs ſongs of praiſe.

2 Through thee we now together came
In ſingleneſs of heart:
We met, O Jeſus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind:
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jeſus joined
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subſiſts as in us all one ſoul;
No power can make us twain;
And mountains riſe, and oceans roll,
To ſever us, in vain.

5 Preſent we ſtill in ſpirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

6 In Jeſus Chriſt together we
In heavenly places ſit:
Clothed with the ſun, we ſmile to ſee
The moon beneath our feet.

7 Our life is hid with Chriſt in God:
Our life ſhall ſoon appear,
And ſhed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.

8 The heavenly treaſure now we have
In a vile houſe of clay;
But he ſhall to the utmoſt ſave,
And keep it to that day.

9 Our ſouls are in his mighty hand,
And he ſhall keep them ſtill;
And you and I ſhall ſurely ſtand
With him on Sion's hill!

10 Him eye to eye we there ſhall ſee:
Our face like his ſhall ſhine:
O what a glorious company,
When ſaints and angels join!

11 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all ſhall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our paſſage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us haſten to the day,
When all ſhall be brought home!
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jeſus, quickly come!

HYMN CCXLVIII. [Lamp's.

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair!
Inſeparably joined in heart
The friends of Jeſus are!

2 Jeſus the corner-ſtone
Did firſt our hearts unite!
And ſtill he keeps our ſpirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us ſtill proceed
In Jeſu's work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conqueſts go.

4 The vineyard of their Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And lo! we ſee the vaſt reward,
Which waits us in the ſkies!

5 O let our heart and mind
Continually aſcend,
That haven of repoſe to find,
Where all our labours end!

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our ſuffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal ſhore,
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
When ſaints and angels meet!
There we ſhall ſee each others face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 The church of the firſt-born
We ſhall with them be bleſt,
And, crowned with endleſs joy, return
To our eternal reſt.

9 With joy we ſhall behold
In yonder bleſt abode
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the ſaints of God.

10 Abraham and Iſaac there,
And Jacob ſhall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

11 We ſhall our time beneath,
Live out in chearful hope,
And fearleſs paſs the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.

12 To gather home his own
God ſhall his angels ſend,
And bid our bliſs on earth begun
In deathleſs triumphs end.

HYMN CCXLIX. [Foundery.

1 JESU, ſoft, harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's deſire!
See thy followers, O Lamb,
All at once to thee aſpire:
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we ſwiftly run:
Hand in hand we ſeek thy face;
Come, and perfect us in one!

2 Mollify our harſher will:
Each to each our tempers ſuit
By thy modulating ſkill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute:
Sweetly on our ſpirits move!
Gently touch the trembling ſtrings!
Make the harmony of love,
Muſic for the King of kings!

3 See the ſouls that hang on thee;
Severed though in fleſh we are,
Joined in ſpirit all agree;
All thy only love declare.
Spread thy love to all around:
Hark! we now our voices raiſe;
Joyful, conſentaneous ſound,
Sweeteſt ſymphony of praiſe!

4 Jeſu's praiſe be all our ſong:
While we Jeſu's praiſe repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet:
Far from ſorrow, ſin, and fear,
Till we take our ſeats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only ſing, and praiſe, and love!

HYMN CCL. [Wednesbury.

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name:
To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
The King is now our Friend!

2 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down,
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown:
O let us stir each other up
Our faith by works to' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!

3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same:
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow:
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And lo! we reach you now!

4 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts:
We pray the spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts:
Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone,

5 Let all, who for the promiſe wait,
The Holy Ghoſt receive;
And, raiſed to your unſinning ſtate,
With God in Eden live:
Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to ſhare!
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